YANKEE DOINGS

VOL. IX, NO. 10 YANKEE DIVISION VETERANS ASSOCIATION OCTOBER, 1928

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This gives one an opportunity to keep before the YD public at a very low rate. Do not wait to be solicited; just send in your line or two lines and note that fifty-eight spaces on your typewriter make a line for this column.

YANKEE DOINGS

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE

YANKEE DIVISION VETERANS ASSOCIATION

200 HUNTINGTON AVENUE BOSTON, MASS.

WILLIAM MCGINNIS, *President* — PHILIP N. SANBORN, *Secretary*

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SUBSCRIPTION FOR NON-MEMBERS OF ASSOCIATION $2.00 PER YEAR

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Send all communications to the Editor

Entered as second class matter February 20, 1922, at the Post Office at Boston, Mass., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Acceptance for mailing at a special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized May 8, 1922.

Two dollars of the annual dues is applied as subscription to YANKEE DOINGS.

Copy for DOINGS must be in before the First

(M) signifies Member, Y.D.V.A.
(LM) signifies Life Member.
(HM) signifies Honorary Member.
(AM) signifies Associate Member.

BEFORE THE FIRST

Whether "Diablo" (M) likes it or not, our little speech is due again.

Copy for DOINGS must be in BEFORE the first of the month, and this doesn't mean ON the first.

Here's the way it worked out this month. On Saturday night, September 29, we locked up the typewriter, put out the cat, kissed BILL SNYDER (M) nighty-night and *partied* for home at 11:50 P. M., D.S.T., with everything ready to take down to the printer's the first thing on Monday, October 1. But Monday, October 1, the mail piled up on our desk made us think our name must have been in the paper as the inheritor of a million dollars. Most of it was copy for DOINGS. Result, one day's delay before it could all be edited and put in shape. Being by temperament a good-natured feller, we can't be so hard-boiled as we ought to be. No doubt another batch will arrive tomorrow (this is written October 1), but if it does, it will sleep peacefully for 30 days. So if your stuff is missing, it may not be because it was too punk, it may have just been too late.

BEFORE the first!

TEN YEARS AGO

Oftentimes in thought I wander
To the days away back yonder
I can see the scenes of days ten years ago.
There, amidst the mud and mire
And the noise of all hell's fire,
I can see it as I did ten years ago.

I can hear the roar of battle
Even hear the caissons rattle,
When I think back on those days ten years ago.
Then I smell the poison gasses
As shot and shell around me smashes,
Grim reminders of those days ten years ago.

Why, I almost start a'bawlin'
When I think I feel them crawlin',
Those clinging friends we had ten years ago.
And the French I spoke so rotten
I have almost clean forgotten,
But— it used to get me by ten years ago.

And the grub that drove us silly;
Coffee, rice, and cold corn willy,
That's a menu of those days ten years ago.
Still I laugh to beat the dickens
When I think of pigs and chickens,
That we shared the billets with ten years ago.

That old gang now long since parted
Leaves me feeling broken hearted,
For I see them as they were ten years ago,
And those who fell on fields of honor,
I hope to meet around the corner,
And we'll be the pals we were ten years ago.

Ten years since the war has ended
And old scars are healed and mended,
But our thoughts go back again ten years ago,
Now we're living midst the clover
We wouldn't want to do it over,
But we're glad that we were there, ten years ago.

—E. H. C. (M)

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER

As the sun set over the distant hills near the Greens Farm Cemetery at Fairfield, Connecticut, on Labor Day, a sad-eyed mother was escorted from the flower-bedecked grave of her daughter, Louise Matthais West, beloved wife of WILLIAM E. WEST, former member of the 102nd Ambulance Company.

Louise was a trained nurse and the mother of three beautiful children.

Next to her grave was a government marker with the inscription CHARLES AUGUST MATTHAIS, Private, 102nd Infantry. Charles was killed at Seicheprey April 11, 1918. Mother Matthais is the living example of an Unknown Soldier.

—LESLIE R. BARLOW (M)

BETWEEN OURSELVES

It ain't fair, nohow. This is probably the only editorial department in these more or less United States that is compelled to refrain from talking politics. What our personal preference may be doesn't amount to a hoot. We may believe that if Hoover is elected our fair country will become a distant outpost of the British Empire (which we don't); or it may be our opinion that if Smith is chosen, his Holiness the Pope, will build an annex on the White House for his own personal requirements (which it is not). The main point is that nobody cares what we think privately; and publicly we have no right to think at all. Not so our members, however. Each night, when some chef of the National Committee has completed broadcasting the ritual of slicing the baloney and laid down his butcher knife with a sigh of contentment, the culinary activities are taken up by the assembled multitude. Only they use a meat chopper instead of a knife. Baloney can be sliced only so thin, but it can be ground up to hash. Apparently the only school of political thought which is taboo is the silent school. If talk could win an election, this one would be declared a tie.

* * * *

The leading bally-hoo men, both among the G. O. P. elephant riders and the Tammany tiger trainers, are claiming precedence for their candidate in proclaiming the newly discovered and erstwhile popular virtues of fair-mindedness and tolerance. The A.E.F. beat them both by ten years. Whether the priest or the parson was considered in the higher esteem depended largely on which one had the better liaison with the chocolate and cigarette warehouses. Whether one attended morning prayer or mass more than once hinged on which service required the shorter hike. Two men in a shell hole ducking a shower of hate seldom crawled out to quarrel as to whether a rosary or a copy of Science and Health proved the better safeguard or consolation. If one or the other brought a degree of comfort in a situation where comfort was mighty hard to find, it was a pretty good thing to have. We envied the one who had it. That state of mind still persists. It takes more than the knowledge of a man's religious difference to alter our opinion of him. As a matter of fact we don't know who started this religion business anyway. To our way of thinking it has no more to do with the fitness of either of the candidates for the presidency than the way they like their food cooked. And if there is one thing even more ridiculous than voting for a candidate because of his religion, it is voting for the other one to show that you are fair-minded. The only fair-minded vote is the one that puts religion out of the picture.

* * * *

Beyond that point it is hard to go and remain neutral. Let's discount the bunk output, and remember that no man could rise either from an East Side tenement or a mid-western farm to be a candidate for the highest office in the nation unless he had pre-eminent ability. Let us not take too seriously the accusations of the paid or unpaid orators of either camp. We believe the candidates themselves are honest and desire to wage a clean battle. What the hangers-on may say in moments of misguided enthusiasm ought to have no bearing on the outcome. The cries that the whole Republican party is corrupt because of Dougherty and Fall, that Smith is tied up with the cheap grafters of New York City, that Hoover is not a real American because he has spent so much time abroad are all part of a smoke screen designed to capture a few votes by concealing the real issues.

* * * *

After all, the main thing is to get out and vote. In theory a republic rests on the rule of the majority, in practice it is governed by the majority of those sufficiently interested to take an active part. The non-voter has no kick coming however events turn out. Compulsory voting has been suggested. It is bunk like compulsory everything else. A compulsory vote wouldn't be worth the money and effort it took to get it out. It would merely present a new source of unintelligent power in the hands of those with ulterior motives. If a man or woman is not sufficiently interested or sufficiently well informed to cast an intelligent vote on his own initiative, it stands to reason that his vote would be scarcely more intelligent if cast under compulsion.

* * * *

One other thing. You've heard the old line, "Oh well, what is one vote, one way or the other. My vote wouldn't count for much. I guess I won't bother." There isn't a man or woman in the country whose vote counts any more than yours. Mr. Hoover can cast just one vote for himself (or for Mr. Smith if he wishes) and Mr. Smith can do likewise. And you can do the same. The result depends on how many consider their vote worth its own weight and how many do not. And remember, if all those who "guess they won't bother" took the trouble to vote, it might conceivably alter the result.

* * * *

In conclusion, it is our candid opinion that there will not be a fairer, more intelligent vote cast this November than that cast by the nearly four million ex-service men. Their minds are free from prejudice and their army schooling taught them to distinguish the earmarks of bunk.

THE OUTLAWRY OF WAR

By George F. Poutasse (M)

The editorial "Between Ourselves" in the September issue of YANKEE DOINGS is the most readable exposition of the outlawing of war complex that I have yet read. To be sure the multilateral treaty is a noble idea, whether it will ever be more than that time alone will tell.

To the writer the most significant thing in that treaty is the fact that every nation's representative, by signing it, tacitly admits that war has always been a national policy with them, a settled course or method adopted and followed. Like the tariff, or the income tax, or shooting rum-runners, etc., and not the work of some ruler or group of leading spirits—political or financial. No! it's a governmental policy, and that admitted places the blame where it belongs, for it is an inescapable fact that the people are responsible for their government's settled policies whether they know anything about them or not.

In the popular mind every war has had a personal devil whose machinations started it, and whose nefarious activities prosecuted it to the bitter end just for his own glorification and the benefit of his own select coterie of profiteers.

The Kaiser is the last such a one. Even Lloyd George, who ought to have known better, clamored loudly to hang him for his sins, now we know him as the victim of his country's policies, a bombastic little gentleman whose courage was all in his whiskers.

General Weyler was the personal devil in the war with Spain; and as for the Rebellion, years after Jefferson Davis was laid away the people continued to sing that song wherein is asked the plaintive question "Ought we hang Jeff Davis to a sour apple tree?" Now the question is answered—No! we ought not; he was merely carrying out his country's policies.

Fixes Responsibility

And there was George the Third and Napoleon Bonaparte and countless others, all devils of greater or less magnitude from some country's point of view. Happily we shall never see their like again. This treaty puts the responsibility for war squarely where it belongs—on the shoulders of the people.

And that is exactly all it does do. Just as long as we mistakenly believed that war was a product of kings and war-lords, we could logically hope that wars would cease with the passing of these bumptious gentry; but to learn that war is a universal national policy dashes all hope. One would as well expect to repeal the eighteenth amendment.

Plato says in *Phædrus*, p. 245, that ideas are "self-moved" and hence capable of indefinite self-prolongation. Innumerable boys have gone over the top since Plato made that crack, twenty-three hundred years ago, so it seems safe to say that the policy of war is an idea and self-moved.

An idea that survived all the ages, and grows stronger with the years; for it is a fact that there were twice as many wars of infinitely greater destructivity in the last century than in any that preceded it—which means that people fight with increasing vigor and frequency as their wealth and intelligence increases;—such an idea must have a firmly rooted position in Nature's scheme of things.

Destruction Nature's Law

And why not? Nature dearly loves a tough boy. From the day a boy is born it sics microbes at him; burns him with heat; freezes him with cold, drowns him with water (if a dry—omit last phrase) and withers him in the desert. If he survives all that he dies a little later anyway. Destruction and death seem to be an important part of Nature's way of making progress. We have all seen more buildings torn down in the vicinity of Boston in the last two years than we saw destroyed in France.

Let us deflate ourselves. Our minds may float off into the blue empyrean, but our poor flat feet must remain rooted to the fertile but somewhat smelly soil of mother-earth. Even the most ardent anti-war advocate will admit that if we abolish war the natural increase of the population must be checked by birth control. That raises the question, isn't it better to be born and "suffer the ills that flesh is heir to," than never to be born at all? Just answer that question not empirically but as if it were your birth that was under discussion. For it concerns your children and your children's children, all of whom are you.

We still eat corned beef and cabbage and potatoes as eagerly as the cave man did; and our minds do not soar to such lofty heights of idealism and altruism when there's an empty feeling in the region of the roundabout. You know that, buddy! Why were you always trying to bust into the line for seconds? Wanted to get an extra mess for the suffering Armenians I suppose; huh!

A man or nation that's flat broke can sign any kind of paper without misgivings; but where is the wisdom in a solvent nation affixing its name to a paper along with twenty-six bankrupts?

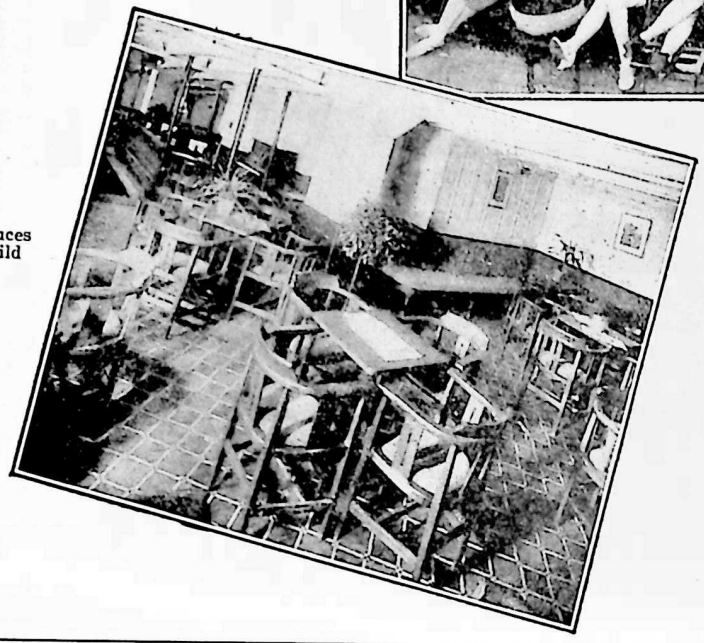
Nations never fight for glory or patriotism, that's all window-dressing. Wars are started to obtain or maintain some economic advantage. No nation ever grew whose people lived by doing each other's washing. Nations grow by seizing and developing good

(Concluded on Page 23)

One Tex Missed

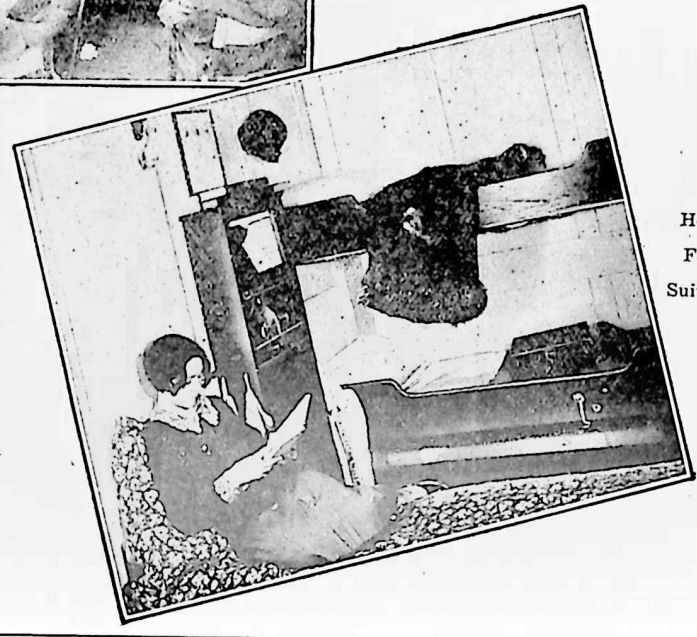
"Get Under the Moon"

Peacock Alley



Deuces Wild

Life on a Cunarder



Abri

Hommes 2
or
Femmes 2
or
Suit Yourself

"COME ON OVER"

The YD Pilgrimage of Dedication and Reunion is gaining headway. No one, so far as is recorded, has actually reserved a stateroom yet, but you can't blame a man for not tying up even twenty or thirty dollars of his money for eight or nine months unless there is a good reason for it. However, here's one point it is well to bear in mind. The option which the Cunard Company has given the YD Pilgrimage Committee expires on January 15. That is to say, on that date, we will be obliged to state whether or not we expect enough definite reservations to conform to the company's requirements for giving us the entire ship. Judging from past events this is going to be a gamble however you look at it. It is nearly impossible to tell until the eleventh hour just how many YD men will attend a function of any kind. Therefore we implore you, for your own sake as well as the sake of the steamship people to make up your mind at the earliest possible moment and let us know the decision. It will be a matter having considerable bearing on the comfort and pleasure of the trip whether or not our party has the entire ship. In order to obtain this concession, we must guarantee at least 350 cabin passengers and 350 tourist third class. Previous numbers of YANKEE DOINGS have told you the whole story as to cost, etc. The thing now is for you to plan it out for yourself. Try to make it if you can, but in any event decide just as soon as possible. It is not likely that there will be any real difficulty in finding room for late comers, but if, on January 15, returns indicate that we shall fall short of our quota and so advise the steamship people, and they throw the remainder of the ship open to the public, it is possible that some of the late ones of our own party may be S.O.L.

If you are sure right now that you will make the trip, why not make your reservations immediately? The deposit required is only $20.00 for tourist third class, and $30.00 for cabin. Prompt action will insure you the choice of any room on the ship.

Result of Questionnaire

Up to date (October 1), just 86 of our members have taken the trouble to fill out and send in the blank which appeared in the July-August number of DOINGS. This is about 5 per cent of those that received it. This doesn't mean that the other 95 per cent are uninterested. To us it merely signifies that a straw vote doesn't amount to a whole lot. But, of the 86 who responded, 18 answered, "I shall go"; 25 answered, "I shall probably go"; 33, "I am not sure but may go"; 3, "I do not expect to go"; and 7, "I shall not go." This is merely an indication, nothing more. From it we gather that about 50 out of the 86 are pretty good prospects. Reduce this by one-half and figure as an outside number 25% of the members, about 450 men. This is probably too high. Call it 400. There ought to be another 100 from among the non-members of the Association, bringing it up to 500. Then there are all the wives, mothers, children and friends. There is no reason the party should not number seven or eight hundred. This is largely guesswork, but it shows you how handicapped we are until you fellows get down to business and make your decision.

Among the 43 who indicated that they either would definitely go or that they thought it likely, 23 replied that they expected to be accompanied by one or more additional persons, bringing the total in those two groups up to 79.

This is a case where you can decide at the last minute if absolutely necessary, but to do so seriously hampers your committee. A trip to France is a little more than an annual banquet and requires a little longer time in preparation. There is going to be work enough at best. So please do not make it any worse by holding out.

Wants Same Stateroom

WAYLAND M. (DONO) MINOT (M) (102nd F. A.) writes: "Noticing a picture of the S.S. Tuscania in YANKEE DOINGS, I mentioned to Mrs. Minot that it looked as though that would be the boat used, as it was on the Tuscania that Mrs. Minot returned from France this Spring. I thought the transportation committee might be interested in her comment. She said, 'Well, you ought to tell them that they've picked a peach of a boat. I've never enjoyed a crossing on any boat as much as on the Tuscania. The food and service were excellent, the boat was very comfortable, and the officers were as considerate and courteous as anyone could ask for. Gosh! I'd give anything if we could go on the Tuscania.'

"You may regard this as encouraging information if there has been no final decision yet or as enthusiastic approval if the selection is definite.

"If the Tuscania is the boat, perhaps you would be good enough to reserve for Mrs. Minot and me the same room she had on her return from France this last April. Undoubtedly the purser would have a record of the number of the room."

DANA F. KAISER (M) (G Co., 103rd Inf.) in returning his questionnaire indicating that he definitely intends making the pilgrimage, sent in the names of ten other comrades whom he thought would be interested.

Many of the blanks bear a note volunteering to be of assistance to the Committee, and this opportunity is taken to thank them one and all and assure them that there will be plenty of work for all.

A letter from Mr. Donovan of the Cunard Company informs us that EDWARD LAMPHIER (M) (A Co., 103rd Inf.) has been issued Certificate 30606 in the Cunard Travel Club and Budget Plan. May we

strongly urge our members to take out one of these certificates AT ONCE, if they desire to avail themselves of a simple method of systemized saving.

Queries

Many questions have been received by the Secretary regarding the Pilgrimage and have been answered by personal letter. These deal in large part with side trips to other European countries. Certain information in this connection is published below for the guidance of those interested. Another question that comes up frequently is in regard to the tour of the old sectors. This tour, as outlined in last month's DOINGS, is not a compulsory part of the pilgrimage. You may take it or leave it. If you have plenty of time on your hands, and prefer to plan a trip of your own, go to it. Go by train or hire a car or buy one if you like. Every man's time will be his own except on May 30, the day of dedication. Another question concerns the necessity of making hotel reservations in Paris through the Pilgrimage Committee or the Franco-Belgique people if you do not intend to stay in Paris. The situation here is this: the Franco-Belgique Tours Co. has made the Pilgrimage Committee certain prices based on the likelihood of the majority of the men stopping at their hotels. If only a few of our party availed themselves of this arrangement, it would be difficult to obtain these prices. On the other hand if a few desire to spend their entire time elsewhere, they will not be forced to pay the overhead for the others.

Paris Program

Nothing definite has been decided or even discussed as to any definite program of events in Paris. If a sufficient number spend their time in the capital, undoubtedly, arrangements will be made for a parade and perhaps other events. The Committee would welcome the suggestions of the members on this score, also on the advisability of wearing distinctive uniform or insignia.

Hotel Reservations

The following communication has been received from the Franco-Belgique Tours Co.:

"Class A Hotels at which we are now holding tentative reservations are the AMBASSADORS and the COMMODORE; at the former hotel we are holding approximately 100 and at the COMMODORE 75, making a total of 175 persons to be taken care of on the A basis. These figures are of course subject to curtailment or increase and we shall be able to judge with a better degree of accuracy just what our needs will be as the season advances and bookings begin to reach us.

The Class B hotels would be the PALAIS d'ORSAY, LOUVRE, REGINA, DEUX MONDES, LUTETIA, SAVOY, MONTALEMBERT, PONT ROYAL, or equivalent, and at these hotels we hold an aggregate of three hundred and five tentative reservations.

The Class C hotels would be of the type of the LITTRE and we can say from personal experience that the Littre Hotel will be perfectly satisfactory and comfortable as the undersigned, during the summer of 1928, had a large party stationed at this hotel in Paris.

Optional Tours

The Franco-Belgique Company has also forwarded to the Pilgrimage Committee outlines for nine optional tours. These are gone into in some details, more than can be reprinted here. Briefly they are as follows: Tour No. 1: One week, three countries, Belgium, Holland, England; Tour No. 2: Nine days, two countries, England and Ireland; Tour No. 3: Two weeks, four countries, Belgium, Holland, Ireland, England; Tour No. 4: Two weeks, four countries, Switzerland, Germany (The Rhine), Belgium, England; Tour No. 5: Two weeks, three countries, France, Italy, Switzerland; Tour No. 6: Three weeks, six countries, France, Italy, Switzerland, Germany (The Rhine), Holland, England; Tour No. 7: Three weeks, six countries, Switzerland (The Rhine), Germany, Holland, Belgium, England, Ireland; Tour No. 8: Three weeks, five countries, Belgium, Germany (The Rhine), Czecho-Slovakia, Austria, France; Tour No. 9: Four weeks, six countries, France, Italy, Switzerland, Germany (The Rhine), Holland, England.

The Franco-Belgique Tours Co., 551 Fifth Avenue, New York, would be pleased to quote you prices on any one of these tours. Be sure to mention that you intend to go to France with the YD Pilgrimage.

Progress on the erection of the Memorial Church at Belleau is reported elsewhere in this number.

And that's about the works for this time. Only hurry up and make your decision.

A BOOST FOR T. HOWARD KELLY

I read with interest in the YANKEE DOINGS received today that T. HOWARD KELLY (M) was to have an article on "Why General Edwards Was Sent Home" in the *New McClure's*. I immediately sent out for it and all I can say is that I hope every ex-member of the YD will read it. It is the real story and I wish many times that I had been able to express myself like Kelly to the 1st Division men and others who have tried to belittle the Old Man and our division.

I sincerely hope that you will recommend this article prominently in the next copy of DOINGS, perhaps even reprinting it.

JOHN B. CUMINGS (M)
(Hdqtrs. Troop) &
(Hq. Co., 102nd Inf.)

New York,
September 17.

CAN YOU TIE THIS ONE?

A few weeks ago, JACK ATROCK (M) was driving through the Fenway district of Boston when he saw a rolled paper in the street which looked as though it might be valuable. Stopping and picking it up, he was a bit staggered to find that it was one of the World War Certificates issued by the Commonwealth of Massachusetts to soldiers from this State, and bore the name of JAMES W. BOYER, a member of the YD who hasn't lived in Boston for at least seven years.

GOOD OLD CY!

By Philip N. Sanborn (M)

Good old Cy! We hesitate to place his portrait in the gallery of detail-duckers, rum-hounds, psychoes, and self-constituted heroes which has filled the foregoing pages of our family album. For Cy was none of these. If ever a soldier took the war seriously—as a matter of vital, personal concern—it was Cy! Another reason which gives us pause is the utter impossibility of getting Cy's portrait on one page, unless we limit it to head and shoulders. If the full length of his towering carcass were to be attempted, about 33 per cent of his five-foot legs would have to be folded in at the bottom of the page like an inserted road map in the Automobile Blue Book.

Our first recollection of this most altitudinous of all the khaki-clad host of America's armies is as an instructor at our pre-A.E.F. camp. And here is a little joke on the side. By profession, Cy was a professor of steam engineering at Worcester Polytechnic Institute. What did they do with him in the Army? Make him a saddler or a bugler? No. They set him up in the steam laboratory at Wentworth Institute where the Engineers were encamped and put him to work instructing classes in steam engineering. To our knowledge this is the only case on record of its kind. The fact that steam tables, diameter of bores and length of strokes, horse power and other abstruse technicalities stood in little likelihood of helping the regiment increase its pick and shovel output, once it got to France, detracts not at all from the startling innovation by which, for once, the round peg was placed in the round hole instead of the square one.

Not an Enviable Job

The war was already a pretty serious business to Cy. This fact did not add to the sum total of his happiness. It is one thing to be serious in the sanctum of your own inner conscience, but quite a different thing to try to transfuse your seriousness into a conglomerated assortment of rookies of widely divergent talent and mentality, bent for the most part on attempts to tie down the safety valve on the boiler to see what will happen. It is with a degree of difficulty that the intrinsic differences between a motor and a generator are recognized and appreciated by the minds of fish-peddlers, horseshoers, bank messengers and poultry raisers, especially when they are intent on finding a quiet nook to drag on a cigarette or roll a few bones. No, Cy's lot was not an enviable one. To make it worse, all his waking hours were tormented by the spectre of failure: the whole future history of this—his own regiment—in its path to glory or the grave depended upon his ability to teach them the difference between two-cycle and four-cycle engines. In spite of his seriousness, he was as gentle and lovable a fellow as ever donned O.D. It was pathetic to hear him call the gang from their scenes of potential mischief and tell them that "This war is a serious thing."

After a while the war butted in on our period of innocent recreation, what few parts of engines remained were swept into the corner, the bugles sounded, the transports swung down the tide, and the few smatterings of engineering we had gained were relegated to forgetfulness. Cy, along with the rest of us, was assigned a bunk. One bunk. Oh well, *c'est la guerre.* He hung his knees over the foot and probably got as much sleep as any of us. As time went on, and we all came to know each other clear to the inside of the soul, Cy developed but a single enemy — the Supply Sergeant. To that harassed gentleman, his elongated frame presented a sore trial and was symbolic of the futility of human life. What was the use? Who ever heard of a man of such vertical length? There were a good many big men in that company. The writer was five foot, ten, and the best he could make was the sixth squad. Another fellow who boasted six foot, one was nosed out of the first squad because there were eight men taller than he. But Cy could not be measured by regular standards; he stood in a genus and a species all his own. Lined up with the pygmies of the first squad he towered over them like a mountain peak over the foot-hills. There was no place for him in ranks. And here again the Army gave birth to another stroke of genius. They made him a Sergeant.

To be sure that solved the problem of formation, but did little to ease the anguished soul of the Supply Sergeant. A pair of chevrons would fit anybody, but what to do with a man whose puttees covered only his ankles, whose coat sleeves stopped at the elbows, and the bottom of whose blouse scarcely covered his belt buckle? Oh well, nothing could be done about it, and nothing was done about it. Thus the company presented the novel spectacle of this amiable and erudite professor shambling forward in his quest of the Holy Grail of freedom and democracy, clad in garments which concealed his gentle and earnest soul in the grotesque trappings of the clown.

Was One of the Gang

With Cy, paradoxical as it may seem, the seriousness of the conflict varied inversely with the distance which separated him from the battle front. (He would like that way of putting it. His soul revelled in mathematical phraseology.) As we found ourselves 3000 miles nearer the real thing, his seriousness was greatly ameliorated, he developed a dry sense of humor, he found life and human contact much more stimulating, life much sweeter and better. And he became one of the gang. Often we have com-

mented in these columns on the perspicacity of the American soldier. No disguise fooled him a minute. No cant or hypocrisy was ever put across. The fact that Cy had more up there in that bean of his than most of us would ever have never brought upon him the accusation of high-browism; the fact that he moved among and above us clad as a buffoon never brought a laugh of scorn or derision. Already that keen, piercing inner eye of the soldier had perceived that here was a regular fellow despite the combined efforts of college training and a vindictive Supply Sergeant.

Finally they made him a Master Engineer, the brains of the Army. In this capacity it devolved upon him to systematize the rather chaotic methods by which the regiment was erecting barracks. But the Germans were the only ones that could accomplish anything by system. For when Cy got his system all worked out, after much burning of midnight paraffine, it didn't work at all. All he got was a raucous bawling out from a fiery shavetail who at home would probably have been a janitor at Cy's alma mater. This he took like a big, hurt St. Bernard dog. The barrack building went on as before and we got them up some way.

Aside from clothing, sleeping presented the most trying problem. Finally this was solved, partly through the ingenuity of a buck private admirer of Cy's who hated to see him uncomfortable, and partly through the generosity of the company clerk. The company field desk was pushed up against the foot of Cy's bunk, and late revellers returning after taps would perforce make a wide detour as they passed the obstruction in the aisle upon which the lower two or three feet of the sleeping giant were reposing.

Cy's seriousness often cropped out in the most unexpected places and did much to add to the merriment of the nations. One time the writer was engaged in plotting positions on a map under considerable difficulty as shells were dropping at no great distance away. Cy shambled up and the first thing we knew he had a stub of a pencil, a bit of paper and was undertaking to illuminate our benighted mind on the whys and wherefores of the phases of the moon.

Black Magic

One piece of unauthorized ordnance he always carried with him: his trusty slide-rule. One of the favorite sports when we were behind the lines was to go down to the *epicerie* with Cy to buy a load of groceries. When all the parcels were neatly arranged before him, and he had inquired the price of each article per pound or per dozen, out would come the slip-stick—a few mystical manipulations and he would announce to the awe-struck madame the amount of the bill. His reputation among the natives was one of a magician and wizard.

Cy had a weakness. Wine and women left him unscathed. But alas he was the victim of one degrading habit. Never could he seem to get enough chocolate. In any town where chocolate bars were for sale, Cy went on a spree. In one place we remember his overtaking us on the road and we continued on together. All the pockets of his tight-fitting short blouse were bulging. As we walked on he speculated on the mysteries of life, the movements of the celestial bodies and the evolution of man. Ever and anon he would withdraw a huge block of something wrapped in blue paper from one of his overflowing pockets, and surreptitiously nibble the most infinitesimal bit from one corner. Finally he confided in us that the village store had boasted but twelve bars of chocolate and he didn't know when he would be able to get any more. They were the big blocks of beach sand, sugar and chocolate flavoring that used to be so prevalent, and the whole twelve bars were stowed away upon his lanky person. Yet he nibbled the merest corner, consumed by the fear that some dark day all would be gone.

Good old Cy! We hope we haven't said a word that would hurt his dear, gentle soul. He was a gentleman and scholar, a staunch friend and a loyal soldier. If ever this comes to his eyes we would like him to know that rather than give one breath of offence we would gladly tear it up and consign it to the waste-basket.

Probably that is where it belongs anyhow.

MEDALS AND MEMORIALS

Secretary, Y. D. V. A.:

The last issue of DOINGS, which came yesterday, reminds me that I would like to have one of those Verdun Medals. Some bird mentioned that he might use his as a toothing ring for the baby, which was a good thing to use as an answer to my wife when she asked why I wanted to squander sixty cents of the family funds for such a dingbat.

So, now that I've answered her pointed query, all that remains is for you to shoot along one of the application forms.

This medal will probably be the closest I will get to Verdun for many years to come as I cannot see any possibility of cutting the mustard on the pilgrimage next spring—altho God knows I'd like to be among those present. Inability to get away long enough for it, which takes about two weeks longer from out here, plus the added cost, legislate against our participation.

So, I'll flash the medal as proof that I was there once even tho the pursuit of peace-time operations does not permit a return engagement with the "gang" next spring. Best of luck to the proposition—may it go over big! In the meantime, however, don't forget to keep boosting for the Memorial—after reading KELLY'S (M) story in *McClure's* I'm more convinced than ever that we need the best memorial possible to show the rest of the world that the old 26th also made its mark in the World War.

JAMES O. COOK, JR. (M)
(A Batt., 101st F. A.)

Los Angeles,
September 22.

FIGHTING BUGS

By Everett H. Caswell (M)

A story that has been running in *Liberty* for the past few months, entitled "War Bugs," which dwells at length upon some of the humorous events of a unit of the 42nd Division during the World War, brings to mind some of the humorous incidents that happened within our own Division. That which I attempt to relate here seems most appropriate at this time, because it happened in October 1918, ten years ago. The title which I have chosen seems most fitting because the action of the group qualifies them as bugs with a capital "B," and unlike the story mentioned above, they were of the fighting kind.

This story is built around a happening while billeted just outside of Verdun, and the personnel was an organization that was known as the Elbow Benders. Membership within this organization was limited to those who had experience in the old days of resting their elbows upon the polished mahogany and who could boast (and if necessary—prove) that they could drink with the best and still remain with the ship when most everyone else had pulled out for dry land. Of course many members were admitted into this exclusive fraternity who may not have had the qualifications mentioned above, but by performing meritorious deeds such as shouting the members to beverages when money was scarce or producing a drink when drinks were not to be had, were not only admitted to the fold, but the more they produced the stronger their standing became. I shall not attempt to say just what percentage of the organization were members of this association at the time of these happenings but can state that it was high.

A New Game

Our Fighting Bugs found life rather weary here in what was left of an old French garrison and the fact that shells landed within and without at frequent intervals did not prove very entertaining until a new game was invented. No name was ever given it, but the way it was played proved a source of amusement and had its dry humor. It might be called, "Calling Shots," as that was the whole game in a nut-shell; to bet on where the next shell was going to land. Congregating in what was left of the old doorway the betting begins,— "I bet the next one lands inside the wall— I bet it lands outside— etc." Bong-s-s-sw-i-sh, a shell is on the way and the gang beats a hasty retreat inside to wait for it to explode after which they again stampede to the door to see the results. "Hell, that went way over—" Bong s-s-s-is-s-i-s-h, another comes over, WHANG ! ! ! There goes the supper— "I bet that made those cooks dig their noses into the dirt—" this as one appeared to land either on or at least not far from the cook shack. "I bet the next one lands handy rig-h-t—" Bong-S-S-Si-s-is-h bang. "You damn fool, you said that too loud; they heard you—" this from one of the Bugs as one lit right in the yard— "Yeh— well they're too obliging when they start landing them so close— cripes, one good hit here and we will be all picking ourselves out of what's left— you say out of what's left— hell— one good hit here and there won't be nothing left."

And so it continued until one day information was received that not far away the French had a canteen where vin rouge might be bought for money, cigarettes or raincoats. No one had any money, and cigarettes being scarce, brisk trading was shortly being done in raincoats. The usual procedure was to hide their own, then take the first coat in sight that had no owner attached. Two hours after this trading began, the only safe place for a raincoat was on one's back, and to be doubly sure, wear it to bed at night. A raincoat is secured and the Bugs set forth for the French canteen. "Bonjour, comrade, combien canteen vin rouge pore hey, you guys, how to H—l do you say 'coat' in frog?" "You don't have to say it; just hold it up; he'll know what you mean.— Here, let me talk to him; give us the coat.— Comrade, bon coat, combien canteen vin rouge? There yer are, you guys don't know how to talk to these babies."

Vin Rouge?

With this the coat is handed to the Frenchman. "Pas bon," from the frog as he points to a hole. "What d'ya mean, pas bon? that's a good coat. I stole it from the sergeant. Hell, there's too many coats on the market; these frogs are getting too particular. Pretty soon, if we want to get more than one canteen for a raincoat, we'll have to steal that swell trench coat of the Lieutenant's." This continued for a day or so, until one day, on one of these trading expeditions, it is learned that behind this canteen, in an old building, were many barrels that might contain vin rouge. Without further delay scouts were sent out who report that said barrels contain some kind of fluid which no doubt is vin rouge. With this information in hand, plans are immediately drawn up for a raid to take place that night. Further details concerning this raid are vague.

The scenes shift. It's long after dark; a report is made that the raid was most successful and that one barrel of vin rouge has been taken prisoner and is confined in what is left of an old outbuilding. The Fighting Bugs fall in, armed with mess cups, to take part in the tapping ceremonies. The raiders are first and the barrel has been tapped. "That's weak-looking wine." "What ta hell did you guys do, steal a barrel of vinegar?" "Vinegar, boy, that's the strongest vinegar you've ever tasted. That's honest-to-goodness rum." "You'll say it is, and some one made a mistake and put a couple of sticks of dynamite in it." The

barrel without a doubt contained rum, but not the regular kind, as this particular barrel was of the doped brand. It is said that just a few small drinks of this beverage will instill a fighting spirit into the weakest —— but when drunk by the cupful? ? ? We'll see.

The scenes shift again; the barrel is empty and the biggest part of two companies are feeling swell. Song. "The I-N-F-An-try— the I-n-f-a-n-try with—t-h-e —d-i-r-t." More songs, "D-r-e-am-i-n-g s-s-sweet dr-ea-ms of M-oth-e-r-r-r--r w-i-s" when, Whang, for no reason whatsoever a free-for-all has started. Hit the nearest one to you seem to be the rules. Friend hits friend, and pal socks pal. Then it stops almost as quickly as it started, with remarks such as "I-t-s all— mish-t-a-k-e fe-ll-ers, a-ll mish-ta-ke." The rum is beginning to work, for in one corner a group is making plans to capture the Argonne alone, but before these plans are perfected they are all mixed up in a battle royal. Another group doesn't like the way the army is run and they are going to march right up to the company commander in mass formation and tell him so, but another fight diverts their attention and their grievances are soon forgotten. A self-appointed sentry is posted at the door and he who enters gets socked, friend or foe, and then when he goes down for the count, our efficient sentry begins to cry and to kiss him. It has never been learned whether or not the battles of this night reached the ears of the officers, but if they did the officers used good judgment.

And so the night wears on, battles are fought and battles are won, no one knows what for, and no one seems to care. With the first light of day survivors are few. And the floor is piled high with the heroes who had battled through the night, there they fell and there they lay dead—DRUNK.

CHRISTMAS GREETING CARDS

How did you like them? Didn't they come up to all we said about them? Most of the members seemed to think so, judging from the proportion who have sent in their dollar, and the letters of favorable comment which have been received.

Of course there have been a few who, for one reason or another, have returned their boxes. That is O.K. We don't want anyone to feel that they should take something they don't want and can't use just for our sake. But the number of folks these days who do not send out at least 20 cards at Christmas time is few indeed, and it is our honest opinion that the cards sent out by the Y.D.V.A. this year are of a quality that might meet with the approval of even the most fastidious. Then, of course, there is the time-saving element. The cards are delivered at your door at a less price than you could buy them for in the stores after fighting your way to the crowded counters.

We feel that perhaps some have returned their cards not because they believe them to be a poor value, but because they do not approve the principle. That too is their privilege. But the principle is merely one of legitimate merchandising. This is your organization. Its prosperity makes for your own greater happiness and satisfaction. In addition to getting full value for the money expended in the cards themselves, you receive additional dividends in the progress of your Club and Association which exist only for your benefit. You can't lose, however you look at it.

The officers of the Y.D.V.A. and the YD Club of Boston want to thank the members for their promptness in making returns and at the same time to urge the others to send in their dollar as soon as convenient.

A number of our members have purchased additional boxes, some as many as eighteen or twenty. We do not ask everyone to make themselves office pests, but if the idea appeals to you and the assortment pleases you, why not sound out those with whom you work or with whom you live as to whether they would like to purchase a box or two?

OUR POPULAR M. C.

The accompanying photograph shows the ever-popular Congressman, the Honorable BILLY CONNERY (M), of Lynn, Massachusetts, one of the only two YD members of Congress in captivity. In this

Photo by COURTNEY *(M), Lynn*

picture Billy is seen escorting his mother to the polling booth where it is hoped they both cast a vote for the renomination of the best color sergeant the 101st Infantry ever had. At any rate he received the nomination by an overwhelming majority.

THREE PRISONERS, ALMOST

By One of the Gang

Fresnes, the town of horrors, under the shadow of Tresaveau Hill, brings back memories to many of us of our stay there ten years ago this month. As we entered this town, with its weird-shaped ruins, and headless statue in the square, we wondered what would happen here. We had just completed the wiping out of that hernia, the Saint-Mihiel salient, with a minimum of fighting. Now we were taking over this town in the new front line. Trenches were being dug, wire was being strung and the German pill boxes were being manned by our men.

The first night I walked into this group of ruins I was directed to an old pill box to sleep. I had no knowledge of where the lines were and the noises around me were not conducive to sleep. Shuffling feet kept passing, occasionally a rifle shot rang out or a flare lit up the interior of the concrete vault.

In the morning I found that there were four others that had tried to sleep in our prison-like cell. We stepped out to see what things looked like in the light of day. The buildings were shattered from shell fire and the streets were dug up with shell holes. The front line ran in front of the town on the edge of the plain. A shallow trench had been dug but a brook made the ground like a bog and it was almost untenantable.

Patrol Goes Over

A group of us found a room in one of the houses that was intact and here we put our equipment and scouted around for wood to make a fire in the fireplace.

A few nights later an order came down from Regimental that a three-man patrol was to go out to locate a strong point that had been established in No Man's Land and had a direct range of fire on the streets of Fresnes. I was selected to take this patrol out. A preliminary survey of the terrain in our immediate front made during the afternoon gave me a good idea where the strong point was located. Compass bearings were taken on a clump of trees about fifteen hundred yards across the plain. Everything was set for our trip there after dark.

About ten that night my two comrades and I started out after notifying the outfits that were in the front lines that a patrol was leaving. We worked our way through a gap in the wire and moved forward following the compass bearing that had been determined in the afternoon. This was the first time that we had gone out on such a small patrol and we did not have the numbers to give us confidence. The night was dark and visibility was only about ten yards. We were depending on our compass and our sense of distance.

As we worked our way cautiously across the field keeping all our senses alert and watching for flares from our own lines or from our front a sudden whirr came at our feet. Have you ever been hunting and flushed a partridge? That is what we had done. We had walked right into a convoy of partridge and they had made that unlooked-for whirr that had paralyzed us. We sank to the ground thinking all manner of things. As soon as we had discovered the cause of our fright we became hysterical with laughter and had to stuff handkerchiefs into our mouths to keep from laughing out loud. As Capt. O'Hay would say, certain parts of our anatomy were crying for relief.

Presently we continued our way and finally reached a clump of bushes that we thought was our destination. We were about to approach to see if there was a pill box or post there when a form stepped out of the bushes. Without question we had arrived. We cautiously sank to the ground and waited to see what would develop. The form took shape and developed into a coal-scuttle-helmeted figure. The air was cold and this sentry stamped his feet and thrashed his hands. Another figure joined the first and we could make out low guttural sounds as they whispered.

Were there any more in the bushes was the first thought that came to our minds. Were they aware of our proximity? We had sunk to the ground upon first discovering we were in the presence of the enemy and now it was necessary for us to squirm around so as to get our heads together in order to consult as to the best method of getting out.

As we changed our position, bringing a new section into view we were startled to see a column of men approaching in single file. They came nearer and nearer, passing within twenty feet of the place where we crouched on the ground. They filed by and seemed to disappear into the ground as they approached the bush. We counted them and found that there were twenty. We could hear low voices and the rattle of equipment. At first our hearts were in our mouths but we decided that we had not been discovered, so watched to get as much information as possible. After a few minutes forms began to ascend from the ground and pass us at the same distance as before. Something prompted us to count them again and we found that there were only nineteen.

Decide to get a Prisoner

After they had disappeared in the distance we once more got our heads together to decide what to do. We could see one man standing by a bush and occasionally another joined him for a minute or two and then returned into the bush. We decided that apparently we had located a listening post well in front of the enemy lines and the patrol that had come by us was the relief. It appeared that there were

only the two there. We were confident that our presence had not been detected, consequently we discussed what we should do now. We were a reconnoitering patrol sent out to get information. We had got that information but we thought wouldn't it be possible to go still further and get us a prisoner? It seemed easy. Here were two Germans within twenty feet of us who were not aware of our being so near. Couldn't we shoot one of them as we rushed, then grab the other and get back to our lines before assistance could come to help them?

It seemed worth trying, and we decided to go through with the idea. We planned that I should fire at the sentry who stood by the bush and that the other two would throw a grenade as they rushed in. We were all set and I had my "gat" trained on the form and was ready to pull the trigger. A noise on my right made me turn my head. Two forms were approaching. A glance behind showed two more forms. What had happened? We were being surrounded. It was evident that the patrol had gone out a distance and then split up into twos and were working in to get us. The forms steadily approached on all sides. The jig was up and without question we were scheduled to spend the rest of the war in a prison camp.

We sat up, what was the use of remaining in a cramped position longer? One of my comrades called out in German, "Don't shoot, there are only three of us." Our captors sank to the ground upon hearing us cry out. We got to our feet and decided to let them see us. Nothing happened. Everything was quiet. We started walking. Still nothing happened. We passed two grey-clad figures crouching in a shell hole so close that we could have reached down and touched them. Still nothing happened. We continued on and passed out of the ring, then started running. There was no one there to put a stop watch on us but I believe we would have put up a world record for the thousand-yard dash. Not a shot was fired. We stopped once for a compass bearing, then continued on to our lines.

After regaining our breath our report was sent in to Regimental and a request for a large patrol was made so as to return and ambuscade the enemy who had so nearly captured us. This request was not granted until the following night when we received orders to return and drive them from their position. How we did this, however, is another story.

LA MEDAILLE DE VERDUN

Just to show what good fellows we are and what joy we get from improving the character of the service we are able to render our members, we hereby announce that we have cut another three or four fathoms of red tape in connection with the procedure required to get that little piece of hardware known as the Verdun Medal.

Heretofore, after the blank which we provide has been filled out and the signature properly vouched for by the Secretary, it has been necessary for the applicant to go to the Post Office and perhaps waste valuable time in making out an international money order. Furthermore, unless he were conversant with the current rate of exchange, he may have been in doubt as to the present value of 15 francs. Another question on the money order blank which has given trouble is that which asks the Department in which Verdun is located.

The Secretary is now prepared, however, to furnish the international money order blanks, *made out in advance,* and only requiring your signature. When your application is returned to you, the money order blank will be enclosed with it. All you will have to do is sign it, go to the post office, pass it in at the money order window with 60 cents plus the ten cent fee which the postal authorities charge for sending the order. REMEMBER THAT THE MONEY ORDER BLANK WHICH WE SEND YOU IS NOT THE MONEY ORDER ITSELF. IT IS VALUELESS UNTIL PRESENTED AT THE POST OFFICE WITH THE REQUIRED AMOUNT OF CASH. DO NOT SEND ANY MONEY TO THE Y.D.V.A., MERELY A 2-CENT STAMP FOR THE RETURN OF YOUR APPLICATION AFTER IT HAS BEEN COUNTERSIGNED.

BOWLERS

Every Friday night at the YD alleys. If you haven't been around on the night the YD League bowls, you don't know what a good time is. Whether you can bowl or not, come around and root for your favorite team.

The Club, as you know, is now running the alleys, and is desirous of booking regular bowling leagues for the winter season. If the firm where you work has a team, try to get them to use the YD alleys. There are none better in the city, and alleys will be reserved for them at their request.

WORCESTER COUNTY YD CLUB

The Worcester County YD Club will tender a reception and dinner to Brigadier General THOMAS F. FOLEY (Ret.), Worcester Chief of Police, who commanded the Emmett Guards and other 101st Infantry units overseas 10 years ago, on the night of November 6, in Sherer's Restaurant, Worcester.

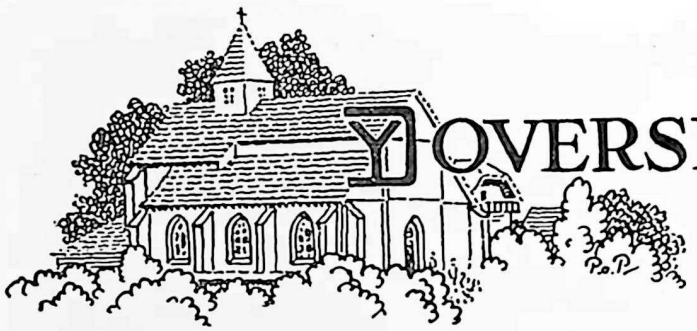
The YD boys have waited until all the celebrations in honor of General Foley's promotion to Chief of Police have quieted down so as to have one of the best loved and most fearless leaders of the Yankee Division all to themselves, and to talk over the battles of ten years ago.

President THOMAS H. MCCARTHY, Lieut. DANIEL A. JONES, and Bugler FRED JONES are the members of the gift committee.

Vice-President OWEN ENGLISH, Secretary-Treasurer WALTER J. KANZ (M), and President MCCARTHY make up both the publicity and reception committees and EDWARD EMISCH is chairman of the ticket committee.

It is hoped that General EDWARDS (LM), who has been invited as guest of honor, will be able to be present.

W. J. K. (M)

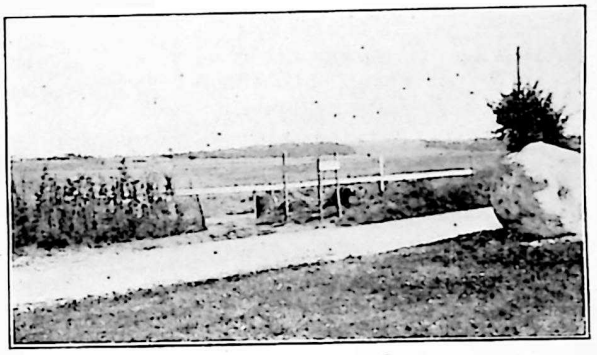


YD OVERSEAS MEMORIAL

"Every man give one day's pay"

The first tangible proof that work has been commenced on the Memorial Church at Belleau is hereby presented in the form of a picture taken at the site by JUDSON HANNIGAN (M). "Jud's" very interesting letter reads in part as follows:

> The actual work of erecting the Memorial Church at Belleau has begun. The end of our long road is in sight and soon there will be in fact a Memorial to the dead of the 26th Division which will be a worthy tribute from us the living to those who live even in death.
>
> I arrived in Belleau on August 31 and called upon the Mayor. Ah oui, we broke open at least one bottle and I have an idea that a second one was opened but for some reason I am a little vague about that. We had a long talk in which the sign language was used to some extent and at length after I had stepped on a couple of hens that out of curiosity had wandered into the dining-room, the Mayor and I went out to look around. It is surprising to see the way that the town has been patched up and rebuilt. Of course many sorry scars of war are still in evidence but on the whole the place is once more a normal community.
>
> The Mayor lives near the top of the hill towards Belleau Wood, so we went first down the hill into the town to the old church. A scaffold has been erected and men are at work removing debris and taking down the old walls. As each stone is taken down it is marked and carefully set aside because the same stone in so far as possible is going to be used in the erection of the new church.
>
> It is a long stiff walk up the narrow road to the top of the hill where our Memorial is being erected. There will be a lot of allezing before all that stone gets up there but it will get there because M. Verre the Mayor is determined that it shall. Incidentally, what M. Verre wants done is done.
>
> We walked up slowly, you don't hurry over here any more, and finally came to the junction of the main street of Belleau and the entrance to the American Cemetery. Beyond the cemetery was the hill covered with thick woods that some one ordered called Bois de la Brigade de Marines but which everyone calls and always will call Belleau Woods.
>
> On the corner at the left of the junction of the roads was the site of our Memorial. Here more workmen were digging for the foundations and it was decidedly impressive to realize that soon there would rise upon that very spot our tribute to those whose complete sacrifices had hallowed every inch of ground about us.
>
> And so the work fed by your contributions goes on. If by chance you have not given do not put it off any longer. The work is too great and the cause too worthy to suffer from your failure.
>
> —JUDSON HANNIGAN (M)



SITE OF YD MEMORIAL CHURCH
SHOWING WORK STAKED OUT

Where Is Your Outfit?

This month DOINGS prints a table of organization standings, based on the quota assigned by the Memorial Committee. There hasn't been much change in position since the last similar table appeared. Three or four outfits have come through with flying colors. Some of the others have fallen down pretty badly. A good deal more money is needed to complete the church. Before you reserve your passage to France for the dedication, do your share toward bringing the fund up where it should be.

ORGANIZATION STANDING ON OCTOBER 1
(Based on total amount of $75,000.00)

Organization	*Quota*	*Am't Rec'd Incl. Pledges*	*Per Cent*
1. 101st F. A.	$4,500.00	$5,799.84	129%
2. 102nd M. G. Bn.	1,000.00	1,152.65	115%
3. Div. Hq., Hq. Troop & M. O.R.S.	3,000.00	3,227.70	108%
4. *101st San. Tr.	1,000.00	1,002.65	100%
5. 101st Engrs.	5,500.00	4,147.90	75%
6. 103rd M. G. Bn.	1,000.00	708.95	71%

7. 51st F.A.Br.Hq.	$1,000.00	$623.00	62%
8. 103rd Inf.	10,000.00	6,049.00	60%
9. 101st Amm. Tr.	2,000.00	1,165.85	58%
10. 101st Tr. Hq. & M. P.	500.00	276.45	55%
11. 103rd F. A.	5,500.00	2,946.25	54%
12. 102nd F. A.	4,500.00	2,210.60	49%
13. 101st M. G. Bn.	1,000.00	428.19	43%
14. 101st F. Sig. Bn.	1,000.00	375.30	38%
15. 101st Inf.	10,000.00	2,342.78	23%
16. 52nd Inf. Br. Hq.	750.00	137.43	18%
17. 104th Inf.	10,000.00	1,807.50	18%
18. 51st Inf. Br. Hq.	750.00	133.40	18%
19. 102nd Inf.	10,000.00	1,574.38	16%
20. 101st Tr. Mortar	500.00	73.00	15%
21. 101st Supply Tr.	1,500.00	168.30	11%
		$36,351.12	
Miscellaneous		2,014.40	
Bank Interest		178.55	
Postage, Brochures		4.38	
Total	$75,000.00	$38,548.45	51%

* Includes
101st F. H.
101st Amb. Co.
101st San. Tr. Hq.
102nd F. H.
102nd Amb. Co.
103rd F. H.
103rd Amb. Co.
104th F. H.
104th Amb. Co.

AMOUNTS RECEIVED TO OCTOBER 1

Div. Hdq. & Troop	*Cash*	*Pledges*	*Totals*
	$3,016.70	$200.00	$3,216.70
101st Inf.	1,663.78	679.00	2,342.78
101st F. A.	5,318.34	481.50	5,799.84
101st Tr. M.	55.00	18.00	73.00
101st Supply Tr.	128.30	40.00	168.30
*101st San. Tr.	686.65	316.00	1,002.65
101st F. Sig. Bn.	320.30	55.00	375.30
101st Tr. Hdq. & M. P.	231.45	45.00	276.45
101st M. G. Bn.	408.19	20.00	428.19
101st M. O. R. S.	11.00		11.00
101st Engrs.	3,697.40	450.50	4,147.90
101st Amm. Tr.	775.85	390.00	1,165.85
102nd Inf.	1,401.38	173.00	1,574.38
102nd F. A.	2,064.85	145.75	2,210.60
102nd M. G. Bn.	1,031.65	121.00	1,152.65
103rd Inf.	1,725.50	4,323.50	6,049.00
103rd F. A.	2,799.75	146.50	2,946.25
103rd M. G. Bn.	542.95	166.00	708.95
104th Inf.	1,515.40	292.10	1,807.50
51st Art. Brig.	588.00	35.00	623.00
52nd Inf. Brig.	127.43	10.00	137.43
51st Inf. Brig.	133.40		133.40
Misc.	942.40	1,072.00	2,014.40
Bank Interest	178.55		178.55
Postage on Brochures	4.38		4.38
	$29,368.60	$9,179.85	$38,548.45

* Includes
101st F. H.
101st Amb. Co.
101st San. Tr. Hq.
102nd F. H.
102nd Amb. Co.
103rd F. H.
103rd Amb. Co.
104th F. H.
104th Amb. Co.

INDIVIDUAL CONTRIBUTIONS

(*In addition to those previously acknowledged*)

(Y.D.V.A. Members Not Designated)

Cash

Arthur Joseph Bellvance
Gen. Chas. H. Cole (Add'l)
E. Lamphier (Add'l)
John A. Flagg
William F. Bull
Russell Wilkins, M.D.
R. D. Swaim (Add'l)
Platt R. Spencer
Joseph W. Kenna
Edw. A. Strutz
Chas. E. Clarke

(*Correction*)

Joseph V. Phillips (104th Inf.)

EXCHANGES

The September number of *Foreign Service* contains a finely written exposition of the aims and accomplishments of the C.M.T.C., by Capt. JAMES W. BOYER (26th Div. Hq.).

The Observation Post for September, published by the Blind Veterans National Chapter D.A.V. of W.W., contains this touching tribute to the men who lost their sight in the service of their country. It was written for the *Denver Post* during the D.A.V. Convention.

The Sightless Marchers

They gazed upon the things that life holds dear;
Knew twilight and the fingers of the dawn.
Saw, too, a carnage-ridden place of fear—
These sightless heroes who go marching on.
They marched, unfalt'ring, for Democracy.
Nor was their gesture empty at "Eyes right!"
Straight their unswerving course to victory—
Who march now in the columns of the night.
Great was the price they gave—but great the men
To whom a stricken world gave humble thanks,
For still they carry on, erect again—
These heroes of the shuffling, sightless ranks!

TEAM WORK

COL. G. MORGAN KING (M) (26th Div. Hq.), seeing the appeal by LEON F. DENIS (M) in last month's DOINGS for a copy of the order detailing a group of men to the Railhead Detachment at Soissons, wrote the following letter to Lieut. EDWIN G. HOPKINS (M), who was one of the officers of that detachment:

"Perhaps you noticed in the September number of YANKEE DOINGS that LEON F. DENIS, address, Schofield Barracks, T. H., formerly in Supply Co. of the 104th Infantry, is asking for a copy of the order issued either by Divisional or 52nd Brigade Headquarters detailing a group to the Railhead Detachment at Soissons in January 1918 and stating that among those listed were 1st Lieut. Edwin G. Hopkins, 101st Amm. Tr.

"If you have a copy of this order among your souvenirs I am sure you will be glad to send a copy to Mr. Denis who is now a Lieutenant in the 3rd U. S. Engineers in Hawaii."

AROUND THE WORLD WITH THE Y. D. V. A.

This month YANKEE DOINGS completes the list of names of Y.D.V.A. members in various parts of the world with the exception of New England. To print the names of the members in New England would be quite a task and require considerable space. Unless there is a very great demand for it, it will not be done.

There are, at present, no members in the states of North Dakota, Oklahoma, Arkansas, Idaho, Wyoming or Nevada.

South Dakota

JENSEN, CARL A. (104th F. H.) Lane

Minnesota

ANDERSON, CARL G. (102nd Inf.)
2912 12th Ave. So., Minneapolis

LARSON, FRANK E. (104th Inf.)
1094 Fauquier St., St. Paul

Iowa

GORMLEY, ARTHUR T. (103rd F. H.)
825 40th St., Des Moines

STENINGER, C. RALPH (102nd F. A.)
Box 128, Waterloo

Missouri

APOLLONIO, NICHOLAS (101st F. A.)
5720 Brooklyn St., Kansas City

BITTING, KENNETH H. (103rd F. A.)
5056 Westminster Place, St. Louis

HILGARD, H. C. (101st Engrs.)
3140 Russell Ave., St. Louis

MILLER, LAWRENCE G. (103rd M. G. Bn.)
704 Sherwood Dr., Webster Groves

MULLEN, CHARLES H. (104th Inf.)
4947 Laclede Ave., St. Louis

ROOKS, HARRY S. (101st F. Sig. Bn)
Title Guaranty Bldg., St. Louis

SCHOENLY, M. C. (101st Engrs.)
406 E. 43rd St., Kansas City

STEVENS, CHARLES T. (102nd F. A.)
415 Clara Ave., St. Louis

Kansas

MCINTIRE, DANIEL S. (103rd Inf.)
Bank of Wakefield, Wakefield

Texas

DEVERTER, PAUL L. (104th Inf.) Baytown

MIDDLEBROOK, BERT R. (104th Inf.)
2325 Forrest St., Beaumont

Montana

TAYLOR, J. WESLEY (103rd Inf.)
c/o Ft. Peck Indian Agency, Poplar

Nebraska

HERRICK, ALBERT E. (101st Inf.) Ong

HURLEY, F. E. (101st Inf.)
Box 1044, Federal Bldg., Omaha

JONAITIS, REV. GEORGE F. (102nd Inf.)
St. Peter's Church, Stanton

ZACEK, CASIMIR (101st F. Sig. Bn.) West Point

Utah

MITTY, REV. JOHN J. (101st Inf.)
331 East So. Temple St., Salt Lake City

Colorado

ROCKWELL, ALBERT W. (102nd M. G. Bn.)
732 East 4th Ave., Denver

SWERDFEGER, DR. E. B. (103rd Inf.)
3257 Bryant St., Denver

New Mexico

BRASHAR, CLARENCE K. (101st Amb. Co.) Espanola

Arizona

COURTNEY, GERALD (101st M. G. Bn.)
c/o E. Corbell Ranch, Mesa

FLEMING, J. ROBERT (101st Engrs.)
Box 734, Phoenix

NORTHUP, RUFUS E. (101st Engrs.)
Box 534, Warren

PARSONS, ALDEN B. (101st F. A.)
Phoenix National Bank, Phoenix

Washington

BECKWITH, CHARLES H. (102nd M. G. Bn.)
216 Third Ave., So. Seattle

COLLINS, JOSEPH P. (101st Engrs.)
1027 Bellevue Ct., Seattle

PEMBER, C. H. (101st Sup. Tr.)
U. S. Vets. Hosp., Walla Walla

RUSSELL, CLYDE W. (101st Inf.) Sunset

Oregon

LAUGHRIGE, FRANK L. (101st F. Sig. Bn.) Condon

California

BROWN, EVAN D. (101st F. A.)
3032 Carolina St., San Pedro

BRUCE, LEROY R. (103rd Inf.)
827 Forum Bldg., Sacramento

CARPENTER, H. J. (103rd Inf.)
2580 Loma Vista Dr., Alhambra

COOK, JAMES O. JR. (101st F. A.)
829 No. Gardner St., Hollywood

FORD, BYINGTON (102nd F. A.)
Hotel Del Monte, Del Monte

FORD, W. BLANCHARD (101st Engrs.)
828 Standard Oil Bldg., Los Angeles

FROST, C. A. S. (103rd F. A.)
De Young Bldg., San Francisco

HENRY, PHILIP (102nd Inf.) Greenville

HUSSEY, ROLAND D. (103rd M. G. Bn.)
University of California, Los Angeles

KASPAR, YOULCHE (102nd Inf.)
General Delivery, Turlock

KENDRICK, CHARLES H. (Div. Remount)
2701 Pierce St., San Francisco

KINNUNEN, WILLIAM A. (104th Inf.) Fort Bragg

LEEDS, MARTIN C. (104th Inf.)
343 New Magnolia Ave., Riverside

PAGE, EDWARD (101st F. A.)
252 Sansome St., San Francisco

PETERSON, CARL J. (101st F. A.) Hotel Plaza, Napa
PHILLIPS, GEORGE W. (101st F. A.)
4533½ W. 18th St., Los Angeles
RICHARDSON, JULIAN A. (103rd F. A.)
416 So. Spring St., Los Angeles
SHORE, EDWIN W. (101st Engrs.)
444 No. Madison Ave., Pasadena
TANDY, ELON F. (26th Div. Hq.)
276 Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco
WELBOURN, DR. M. A. (101st Amb. Co.)
666½ So. Alvarado St., Los Angeles
WIGGINS, CHARLES W. (101st F. Sig. Bn.)
641 Wheeler St., Santa Rosa

Territory of Hawaii

ALLEN, JOHN H. (26th Div. Hq.) Ft. Kamehameha
DENIS, LEON F. (104th Inf.) Schofield Barracks

Canada

ALLEN, ROLAND E. (101st F. A.)
c/o Swift Canadian Co. Ltd., Winnipeg, Manitoba
HUMBIRD, JOHN A. (102nd M. G. Bn.)
Chemanus, British Columbia

Cuba

PINGREE, SUMNER (101st Amm. Tr.)
Centrale Ermita

Honduras

DOWSE, MARSHALL F. (101st Engrs.)
Tela R.R. Co., Tela

Republic of Panama

WHIDDEN, MALCOLM W. (104th Inf.)
c/o United Fruit Co., La Palma Farm,
Bocas del Toro

Columbia

COTIE, LAWRENCE F. (101st Engrs.)
U. S. Consulate, Santa Marta

France

CARTER, BERNARD S. (103rd Inf.)
c/o Morgan & Cie, 14, Place Vendome, Paris

The Netherlands

WREN, FRED M. (103rd Inf.)
U. S. Consulate, Rotterdam

Australia

HAWKES, EDGAR B. (103rd Inf.)
c/o Victoria Roads, Ltd., 482 Collins St., Melbourne

In the territory covered in previous numbers, the following additions are noted:

Georgia

CHAPPELLE, H. B. (101st Engrs.)
690 Juniper St., Atlanta
HYATT, JOHN W. (26th Div. Hq.) Fort Benning

Illinois

LYONS, ALBERT T. (101st F. H.)
1023 Argyle St., Chicago
POTTER, HOWARD I. (104th Inf.)
196 Park Ave., Glencoe

GENERAL PASSAGA TROPHY

Another tangible symbol of the lasting friendship between the soldiers of France and of America is the "General Passaga Trophy," now on display in Doric Hall at the Massachusetts State House, and soon to be transferred to the State Armory at Springfield, Headquarters of the 104th Infantry, M. N. G.

The trophy, which is a four-foot cast-bronze figure, representing the youth David standing as conqueror over the fallen giant Goliath is the work of a distinguished French sculptor, and is mounted on a four-foot Vermont marble pedestal. The bronze plate on the pedestal was cast in Great Britain, thus the materials of the trophy had their origin in three of the allied countries. The plate reads: "The General Passaga Trophy. For Perpetual Competition in the 104th Regiment of Infantry."

THE PASSAGA TROPHY

When Colonel PAUL J. NORTON (M) was in France last Spring, General PASSAGA (HM) with several French officers met him on the field near Boucq where the colors of the 104th received the decoration of the Croix de Guerre. The day was April 28, the tenth anniversary of the ceremony. While on the historic field, General Passaga turned to Colonel Norton saying, "I wish to entrust to your care, upon your return to the United States, a token which I am having made of my esteem for the 104th Regiment."

The trophy will be handed down to the successors of the old 104th and will repose in the Springfield Armory, the present headquarters of the regiment bearing that designation.

THE DOUGHBOY'S SIDE OF THE STORY

(Referring to Comrade Cozzens' (M) account of the unknown soldier and the black pill in Doulaincourt.)

Once, while working in the Army,
On an evening far from balmy
(I refer to outside weather, not to billet atmosphere.)
As I to my bunk retired
I was suddenly inspired
With what seemed to me at that time a wonderful idea.

I could picture all the sorrow
In the program for the morrow—
Early rising, drilling, digging (on a hash and goldfish diet),
Then I thought how nice it would be
If by a medico I should be
Listed "Quarters" on the sick report. By Gad, I'll try it!

At once I started gasping
And commenced with both hands grasping
That portion of my carcass where aches most oft occurred.
Then twisting, writhing, moaning,
With plain and fancy groaning,
"Get a doctor quick," I shouted, so loud that everybody heard.

Down the ladder went my buddy
While he cursed me pink and ruddy—
(Ah well do I recall that bitter cold December night;)
And I recall his scowl so sour
As he returned within the hour
Saying, "The only one in town is Cozzens, but he's all right."

Now with fear I had been quaking
Lest the doctor catch me faking
But now all fears and worries were placed upon the shelf,
For after two swift glances
I knew I took no chances—
This man was no more a doctor than Duncan K. himself.

But he took my pulse, and smiling
Asked with innocence beguiling,
"Tell me buddy, have your bowels moved today?"
Although his purpose I suspected
Fearing lest I be detected
I answered only with the single words, "Nay, nay."

Then across my middle section
He laid out a choice collection
Of divers shapes and sizes of multi-colored pills,
And with serious expression,
Heeding not my great depression,
Pawed them over—hunting for a cure-all for my ills.

For a moment there he pondered
While so scared I lay and wondered,
Then gravely he selected a pill of dusky sheen,
Grabbed my nose, and like black magic—
(Don't laugh comrades, this is tragic)
I had swallowed the biggest, blackest pill I've ever seen.

Doc, then turning to my buddy
Said, "His complexion's somewhat muddy,
And there's a trace of sour wine upon the patient's breath.
But if he uses due precaution
He may again see Boston
Ere this malignant illness lays him low in death."

With this parting consolation
He returned then to his station,
Little knowing, little caring for the evil he had wrought,
For, to my buddy's satisfaction,
That damned pill went into action
And I staggered from the billet searching for a vacant lot.

For six long hours I stayed there—
Cursed there, froze there, prayed there—
With my nether garments flying in the breezes at half-mast
And as stars appeared in dozens
I swore revenge on Cozzens,
And cursed the laughing sentry each and every time he passed.

So next year you twenty-niners
Who fill trans-Atlantic liners
On your way to our reunion, please remember,
In case you think you're ill
Steer clear of that black pill
Which will be offered you by Doctor Cozzens (Member).

SOUVENIRS

At several times in the past there has been talk of establishing a permanent collection of war souvenirs at the YD Memorial Clubhouse, where members and visitors may view authentic objects of interest pertaining to the 26th Division.

It has been decided that now is the time to get started. Bill Snyder (M) requests that members having souvenirs of the days of 1917-18-19 loan them to the Club, if they feel so inclined, in order that a beginning may be made toward acquiring a large collection. Until such time as suitable cases can be made, these souvenirs will be placed in safekeeping, and when they are exhibited they will bear the name of the donor together with information regarding the history of the souvenir.

The Club already has quite a few objects of interest, and doubtless many of the members have items of all descriptions which should give us the most complete World War museum in Boston.

IS YOUR FILE COMPLETE?

Since the announcement last month that back numbers of YANKEE DOINGS were available, several requests have been received for this number or that, and in a few instances members who have joined recently have asked for as many as 50 or 60 of the early numbers.

To repeat the proposition: if our files show that you were a member on a certain date, but have lost one or more copies of DOINGS, they will be sent you without cost, provided we have them; if you were not a member at the time, the price is 10 cents per copy.

In order to aid our readers in determining which numbers they are missing, a complete list is printed herewith of all numbers of YANKEE DOINGS since it came into being. The starred numbers are out of print. Of the others, some are quite scarce, there being only ten copies in some cases. In some cases however, there are several hundred on hand. Here is a chance for some of our new members who are kicking themselves for not joining sooner to provide themselves with some entertaining reading of YD events during the past eight years.

Whole No.	Volume	Number	Date of Publication	
1	I	1	April	1920*
2	I	1	August	1920*
3	I	2	October	1920
4	I	3	November	1920*
5	I	4	December	1920
6	II	1	January	1921
7	II	2	February	1921
8	II	3	March	1921
9	II	4	April	1921*
10	II	5	May	1921
11	II	6	June	1921
12	II	7	July	1921
13	II	8	August	1921*
14	II	8	October	1921*
15	II	9	November	1921*
16	II	10	December	1921
17	II	11	January	1922
18	III	1	February	1922*
19	III	2	March	1922
20	III	3	April	1922
21	III	4	May	1922
22	III	5	July	1922
23	III	6	August	1922
24	III	7	September	1922
25	III	8	October	1922
26	III	9	November	1922*
27	IV	1	February	1923*
28	IV	2	March	1923
29	IV	3	April	1923*
30	IV	4	May	1923
31	IV	5	June	1923
32	IV	6	July	1923
33	IV	7	August	1923
34	IV	8	September	1923
35	IV	9	October	1923
36	IV	10	November	1923
37	IV	11	December	1923
38	V	1	January	1924
39	V	2	February	1924
40	V	3	March	1924
41	V	4	April	1924
42	V	5	May	1924*
43	V	6	June-July	1924
44	V	7	Aug.*-Sept.	1924
45	V	8	October	1924
46	V	9	November	1924
47	V	10	December	1924
48	VI	1	January	1925
49	VI	2	February	1925
50	VI	3	March	1925
51	VI	4	April	1925
52	VI	5	May	1925
53	VI	6	June	1925*
54	VI	7	July	1925
55	VI	8	August	1925
56	VI	9	September	1925
57	VI	10	October	1925*
58	VI	11	November	1925
59	VI	12	December	1925
60	VII	1	January	1926
61	VII	2	February	1926
62	VII	3	March	1926
63	VII	4	April	1926
64	VII	5	May	1926
65	VII	6	June	1926
66	VII	7	July-Aug.	1926
67	VII	8	September	1926*
68	VII	9	October	1926
69	VII	10	November	1926
70	VII	11	December	1926
71	VIII	1	January	1927*
72	VIII	2	February	1927
73	VIII	3	March	1927
74	VIII	4	April	1927
75	VIII	5	May	1927
76	VIII	6	June	1927
77	VIII	7	July-Aug.	1927
78	VIII	8	September	1927
79	VIII	10	October	1927*
80	VIII	11	November	1927
81	VIII	12	December	1927
82	IX	1	January	1928
83	IX	2	February	1928
84	IX	3	March	1928
85	IX	4	April	1928
86	IX	5	May	1928
87	IX	6	June	1928*
88	IX	7 & 8	July-Aug.	1928
89	IX	9	September	1928
90	IX	10	October	1928

** Indicates out of print.*

It may be worth while to call attention to some peculiarities in numbering. Volume I had two issues, both numbered 1; one coming out in April, 1920, under the name of DOINGS OF THE YD, and the other issued in August, 1920. Volume II, Number 11, was issued in January, 1922, making February, 1922, Volume III, No. 1. There were two issues

numbered Volume II, Number 8, one in August, 1921, and one in October of the same year. There is no Volume VIII, No. 9. The July-August, 1928, number is Volume IX, Nos. 7 and 8. There was no number published in the following months: May, 1920; June, 1920; July, 1920; September, 1920; September, 1921; June, 1922; December, 1922; January, 1923.

THANK YOU

The Yankee Division Veterans Association has received from LEON F. DENIS (M), Schofield Barracks, Hawaii, two attractive gifts. One is a fringed silk pillow cover, depicting in colors scenes in the Hawaiian Islands. The other is a native-made screen, also hand-painted.

A little note which Denis encloses says, "Just a couple tokens of my appreciation of the many favors the Association and its officers have done for me. Hope you find a suitable place in the Club for these. Aloha."

WHO WON THE WAR?
By "Diablo" (M)

We of the old YD, being modest and unassuming, have never laid claim to the fact that it was our outfit that started the Jerries on the run and eventually turned the tide of the war. In fact we have been knocked so much by our deah old ossifers who have been flooding the market with memoirs of what should have been done and how the YD messed things up, that we have about given up hope that any credit which might have been our just due was ever to be recognized by those whose agile fingers are forever pounding the keys and gathering in good money simply by being knockers.

But all things come to those who wait and we have patiently endured the various scathing remarks of the shortcomings of the old outfit, but now our day has arrived. We are vindicated in a little book under the heading of "Trotalong" edited by a very charming gentleman in a nearby city in which he tells a little historical story of the "Old Man" when he was a youngster, doubtless a shavetail. On his furlough he and his daddy, Colonel Edwards, who at that time lived in Cleveland, Ohio, and owned three horses known as Faith, Hope and Charity, used to have some friendly brushes out on the track. According to the story, the Colonel always gave his son a nice trouncing. But aside from all that, here is the introduction to the story. "MAJOR GENERAL CLARENCE R. EDWARDS, WHO AT THE HEAD OF THE YANKEE DIVISION TURNED THE TIDE OF WAR IN FRANCE, ETC."

Now what do you think of that? These books will be sold all over the world and finally the truth will be known. Just imagine how it will be received by the Leathernecks and the hard-boiled regulars. I can't. I have visions of all sorts of disaster for the unfortunate writer. He has written two nice books and is taking a vacation to rest up. I don't know but he will need plenty of rest and that he will forsake civilization entirely if some of our historians of other outfits read this little line. I will protect him to the extent of keeping secret his name and address, but if it becomes necessary for that to be printed to show that these books are really in circulation and that the statement is true I shall do so. Perhaps the "Old Man" can verify the story and give us a little more facts on the truth. Now that this chap boldly prints the news that we really did win the war, perhaps the General will dig down into his chest of memories and give us the low-down on why the War Department has never acknowledged this tremendous event. Well, this little paragraph in the book has made me feel quite proud of the old outfit, so much so that at the present writing I have nothing to say even against the Engineers.

"THE MELANCHOLY DAYS ARE HERE"

So sang the poet, but he wasn't a member of the YD Club. With the coming of the crisp days of autumn, club activities have taken on a new lease of life. The first smoker of the season was held on September 27 with an even larger attendance than nearly any of the preceding season. For many of the old friends it was the first meeting since early summer, and the usual atmosphere of enjoyment prevailed.

The YD Bowling League held a get-together meeting on September 28 and rolled a few strings to get into shape. The first regular match was rolled off on Friday, October 5. The alleys have been refinished and everything points to the most successful season since the opening of the Club. With a local membership of 800, it is expected that eight teams will actively participate in the league schedule.

The Christmas Greeting Card campaign is going on apace. The cards being sent out this year far eclipse anything offered by the Y.D.V.A. before, and present a value which it will be hard to find elsewhere.

Plans are maturing for the big Pilgrimage to France next Spring. A rushing business is being done in Verdun medals and "General Edwards Certificates."

A half dozen bridge games may be seen in progress any night in the pool room while another group is hotly discussing politics around the radio. Souvenirs de la guerre are being collected with a view to having a permanent exhibition in the Club. Beautiful new flags have been bought to display over the door on holidays or at half mast on days when the death of some comrade is made known. The new electric fans in the hall promise relief from the plague of smoke on entertainment nights.

All in all, the Club is now dug in for a comfortable and active fall and winter season.

THIRD ANNUAL REUNION OF 101st TRENCH MORTAR BATTERY

Mess call in the Army surpasses all others in popularity. Even the pleasing tones of the bugle calling the soldier to come and get his pay are a discord when compared with "soupy."

This being true the 70 members of the 101st Trench Mortar Battery for the third annual reunion of the outfit on September 9 are one and all in love with the ladies of the American Legion Auxiliary of Dixfield, Maine, who served them a most delicious repast.

A few after-dinner speeches set the stage for a short business meeting that followed. JOHN MCDONOUGH acted as toastmaster with apparent relish for it gave him an opportunity to square accounts vocally with a few of his buddies.

The organization was invited to hold their reunion next year at Rangeley Lake. This invitation was accepted during the business meeting and Sunday, August 25, 1929, set as the date.

GEORGE STOWELL of Dixfield was elected Commander for the coming year. WALTER HINDS of Pejepscot was elected Vice-commander with the offices of Secretary and Treasurer combined with CARL BARTLETT of Auburn re-elected. Vice-commanders were selected from the five chief sections of the State in which the members live to keep them in touch with the Association's activities. They were EARL SWETT, Bangor; WILLIAM BRENNAN, Lewiston; JOHN PHILLIPPE, Portland; WILLIAM LAVIOLETTE, Westbrook, and HAROLD MORTENSON of Rumford.

It was voted to start a campaign to secure the 101st T. M. B. quota of $500 towards the Yankee Division Memorial Church at Belleau. The members stood with bowed heads in silent prayer for a minute in tribute to those who had lost their lives overseas and those who had died in this country since the war.

Those present were FRANK JACKSON, E. T. CHATEAUVERT, ARTHUR SHAW, ALBERT ROSE, HARRY LE BLANC, GEORGE COLE, FRANK MANK, STEPHEN FARREL, GUY WAITE, ALBERT HAGGERTY, JOHN MCDONOUGH, WILLIAM KERRIGAN, WILLIAM ROCHON, JAMES LONGLEY (M), JOSEPH LANGELIER, ARTHUR LACASSE, LEO O'REILLY, NORMAN S. THOMAS (M), CARL BARTLETT, WENDALL RICKER, JOHN COFFEY, JESS FARNHAM, EUGENE BOWDOIN, ALBERT ST. MARIE, GEORGE CORMEAU, JOSEPH VEILLEAUX, LAWRENCE MURPHY, MARTIN F. JOYCE, JAMES QUANCE, WILLIAM LEBRUN, ALBERT MARCOUX, CALIXA MARTEL, GEORGE DULAC, WILLIAM BRENNAN of Lewiston and Auburn.

LEVENS WHITTIER and EARL SWETT of Brewer; JOHN PHILIPPE, WILLIAM WILSON, EDGAR SHELDON of Portland; WILLIAM LOVE of Farmington; HAROLD MAXWELL of Turner; E. E. TIBBETTS of Lockes Mills; WALTER HINDS of Pejepscot; WILBUR GANTNIER of Benedicta; ALFRED BLOUIN and CARROLL TARR of Biddeford; JOSEPH KARKOS of Lisbon Falls; RODNEY HAYNES and GEORGE STOWELL of Dixfield.

PHILLIP JONES of Belfast; BENJAMIN KEEGAN and HENRY MOORE of New York; JAMES WALSH of Boston; FRANK WESSON of Sabattus; HAROLD MORTENSON of Ridlonville; PAUL MORIN of Westbrook; WILLIAM LAVIOLETTE and HUBERT TERIAULT of Westbrook; JAMES RADCLIFFE, Portsmouth, N. H.; FRED CARPERTE of No. Adams, Mass.; HAROLD RUTTER of Gorham.

"THE FLEET'S IN"

At the opening smoker of the Club season on September 27, the motion picture, "The Fleet's In," featuring Clara Bow, was shown just one day ahead of its first public showing in Boston at the Metropolitan on September 28. The pictures you will see at the Club smokers this winter will not bring forth any cries of "Oh, I've seen that before." We plan, through the good offices of WALLY DAY (M) to be just a lap ahead of the leading theatres in town.

The picture itself was a lively comedy showing the course of true love running true to form—rough as usual—between one of Uncle Sam's gobs and a dance hall girl whose philosophy was, "Look hot but keep cool." The acting was adequate as the high-brow critics put it, and the captions were great stuff. Everyone enjoyed it immensely.

One of the great advantages which seeing a picture at the Club always had over seeing it in a theatre, namely the permission to smoke, has always been somewhat counterbalanced by the discomfort of the smoke-filled hall. But the two new fans, installed at a very low price through the efforts of DARRAGH HIGGINS (M) (101st Engrs.), did their work nobly. The air was clear and sweet throughout the evening. The cry of "Fans!" was heard nearly as often as the familiar cry of "Lights!" between reels.

President BILL BROWN (LM) conducted the meeting with an increased air of confidence and slipped over a few fast ones that CARROLL SWAN (LM) forgot about last year.

Between reels, Bill called on RALPH EASTMAN (M) to give a report of progress on the Overseas Memorial, also a little explanation of the financial condition of the Club.

ROLLY CHOATE (LM), who as a candidate for State Auditor may be down, but is far from out, kept the gathering in an uproar in his own inimitable style of story telling.

Captain Murray, of the 26th Division Tank Company, M. N. G., spoke sincerely of his pleasure at being present as a guest of the Club.

Emmett O'Brien did his usual stuff at the piano, extemporizing to fit each scene of the picture. JOHN DENNIHAN (M), "The YD Club's Own Caruso," was greeted with tumultuous applause, but begged to be excused on account of a severe cold.

The doughnuts and coffee furnished sufficient cause for post-meeting reunions as usual, and the closing hour of the Club, at midnight, found many groups who still had another battle to fight over again.

THE OUTLAWRY OF WAR

(Concluded from Page 5)

markets, agricultural and mineral lands, so they can support their fast increasing population. To be sure, if the original holders of these markets and lands will tamely give them up on demand there'll be no wars. Are we willing to abolish our trade barriers and open our good markets to the whole world? Lower the bars of immigration and let everyone in? Dilute our prosperity fifteen hundred per cent by letting the rest of the world's fifteen hundred million people share it? And what good would it be to any of them then if we do?

And finally—just try to tell some intelligent European that the World War was not profitable to the United States and get his point of view. Try to tell him that ten years of unprecedented prosperity when the rest of the world was going into bankruptcy doesn't pay; that sitting at the head of the table dictating terms to every other nation isn't worth while; that capturing and holding the financial leadership of the world; that selling billions of dollars worth of goods to nations in dire need on a basis of dollars with a fifty cent purchasing power, and demanding and getting repaid in dollars with an eighty to one hundred cent purchasing power isn't profitable. And don't bust him one if he pans Uncle Sam. If there's never going to be any more fighting you've got to learn to look at things from the other fellow's point of view—and like it.

Why must we dabble our toes unnecessarily in the shark-infested waters of international politics? Why can't we be contented, in the plain, wise words of President Roosevelt, "To tread softly, but carry a big stick."

THE PRIZE PLUGGER OF THE YD

A letter has been received from GEORGE W. MORRELL (M) of Portland, Maine, enclosing a clipping from the Portland *Press-Herald,* which reviews T. HOWARD KELLY'S (M) story in the *New McClure's.* The letter is also in answer to one written by the Secretary of the YD Pilgrimage Committee furnishing George with the names of some YD men to look up. He says in part:

> "Yours received. Was somewhat surprised to receive these names. All these men have been worked over by either Col. HUME (M) or myself, in a way. I think some of them have not donated to the Memorial, as yet. They are still hanging back around Bangor. I was intending to hit Bangor last Saturday but couldn't make it; am planning to start Saturday morning through Augusta, Waterville, Bangor, Vanceboro, through New Brunswick to Calais and back down around the coast. I intend to give them hell in Bangor. I am afraid Col. Hume will get disgusted with that town if they don't wake up. I met with him yesterday, also Col. IRELAND. We made plans for a little publicity; this clipping, which I am enclosing, shows one of the little write-ups which we have every few days. Col. Hume and myself will give a series of talks starting October 5 in Kezar Falls. We've been promised some money from them.
>
> "I am somewhat surprised that there are not more that we signed up last year for the YDVA signed up this year. I see very plainly that I will have to take the bull by the horns and get after them.
>
> "This story pertaining to 'Why General Edwards Was Sent Home' will be put in in little write-ups, such as you see in the clipping. We will keep it going through the month of October.
>
> "We have quite a campaign planned for the Pilgrimage work in the line of Publicity. I am taking this matter through the State next week. Although we have not made much noise lately we are still working."
>
> —GEORGE W. MORRELL (M)

ARMISTICE DAY

Three years ago on Armistice Day in Boston a demonstration was held that aroused the fighting spirit of the ex-service men as nothing ever had before and nothing ever will again, when an organization was selected that day to parade and to preach their pacifistic doctrine from Boston Common. At City Hall, a small group which had attempted to pay the paraders the honors that the city refused to do, started in mass formation, paraded to the Common with the intention of hampering the proceedings as far as possible. Up School Street into Tremont, where, like a whirlwind, they gathered up ex-service men from both sides of the street. Upon reaching the Common, the line spread out for over a block and from the Common many hundred more, re-enforced by Soldiers, Sailors and Marines still in the service joined the procession. Straight to the band-stand in a column of squads marched this army, intent upon one purpose: to show that no organization could take the day made historic by their action and the blood of their fallen comrades for a purpose foreign to the day and all it represented without a protest from those who understood the true meaning. The meeting was broken up and the veterans took possession of the band-stand where they had their own informal ceremony, in a way most fitting to their own satisfaction.

It's now ten years since that memorable day and will be for the first time a legal holiday in this State. The City and the Legion have made plans to celebrate this year in a manner appropriate for the occasion, and the veterans of the past war owe it to themselves to assist in the ceremonies wherever they may be, and particularly here in Boston. By our presence let us show those who would steal this day for other purposes what a real Armistice celebration is like, and by our presence manifest the fact that we stand ever ready to guard and to safeguard the true meaning of the day, from those who would tear apart and destroy the very things that made it sacred.

PORTLAND PARAGRAPHS

At this writing no trace has been found of JOSEPH MOORE, a former YD man who disappeared some time ago. He was driver and guide for Lt. Col. BISBEE. Searching parties have been looking for him.

The Club and Auxiliary held their first business meetings Sept. 10th with the usual crowd present. It was voted to hold a play, the date to be announced later. HAROLD KEATING and BERT WORTHEN were named to arrange details and secure a suitable hall.

We saw PARADIS (A Co., 103rd Inf.) the other day. He is service man for the Maytag Company, located on High Street. Paradis lives in Freeport. He reported having seen CARL BRYANT, also of the 103rd, and said Carl is busy raising chickens.

PERCY WITHAM (M) is with the Rochester Germicide Co., travelling through Maine, Massachusetts and New Hampshire. He wants to know where all the N. H. YD men are. Says he thinks they are in their dugouts.

JOHN MCLEAN (B Batt., 101st F. A.) is our newest member. He is at the Lafayette Hotel. Using a navy expression, he is Chief Carpenter's Mate.

FRANK BRAGG was in town the other day, calling on old friends. He is living a simple life in Norridgewalk. Frank is not feeling very well this summer, in fact he has not been enjoying the best of health since the "Big Picnic."

Local news dealers report a big sale in October's *McClure's*, following the write-up by Comrade KELLY (M) regarding Gen. EDWARDS (LM). It is a story that is being read with much interest and much credit should go to the author.

Many of the boys have been discussing the possibilities of Gen. Edwards' broadcasting a radio message to the members of his division.

September 24th was the date of the first joint meeting of the season. Mrs. Erickson had charge of the evening and provided many amusing and interesting games.

Caldwell Post of the American Legion seems to have a special liking for YD men. At the nomination of officers held Sept. 27th, DOC FOGG (AM) was nominated Commander, JESS MOODY (M) for Chairman of the Entertainment Committee, GEORGE MORRELL (M), Activities; HAROLD KEATING and JENS C. BORE for Sgt.-at-Arms; BERYL RANDALL, Executive; STEPHEN SAWYER (M) nominated and elected for the Auditing Committee.

"MINNIE LA TOUR" (M)

NUTMEG NEWS
By Dick Barlow (M)

CARL PAIGHT (F Batt., 102nd Inf.), up to recently a member of the police force in Stamford, Conn., has handed in his resignation and gone into the tire vulcanizing business on Elm Street. Paight was recently the victim of an attack by a gang of thugs while in line of duty.

STANLEY "BUCK" HERZOG (102nd Inf.) left the force in Stamford about three years ago and started in the printing business, where he says his income is more than twice what it was as a police officer.

DANIEL W. STRICKLAND, chaplain attached to the Yankee Division in France, and later pastor of the Howard Avenue Congregational Church, of New Haven, has announced his intention of joining the undertaking firm of Hayes & Pierce.

YD AUXILIARY

The regular meeting of the YD Auxiliary was held Wednesday evening, September 12, with the President, Mrs. Alfred Snape, presiding.

The Hospital Committee has been busy visiting the hospitals and doing other welfare work through the summer.

Quite a large number of the members visited the new Bedford Hospital at the opening and told of the wonderful chance they had to be shown through and seeing the different working parts of the hospital.

The entertainment committee reported on their plans for the coming winter. A whist party was held on Tuesday evening, September 26, with a large number of members and their friends.

On October 27, a Costume Party will be held in the YD Club hall. The committee would like to see many of the members with their friends and also many of the members of the YD Club. On November 24, a bazaar will be held; the plans are being formed and a notice will appear in a later issue.

The sewing meeting met at Mrs. Bessie Malay's home in Cambridge and a large quilt for the bazaar was made. Luncheon was served and enjoyed by all present. Our chairman of the sewing committee was greatly missed, being ill in the hospital. We hope to have her back with us again soon. After the meeting a reception to our new members was held. Singing and refreshments were enjoyed by all.

—MARION E. DRAYTON,
Chairman of Publicity.

YD POST 290, A. L. AUXILIARY

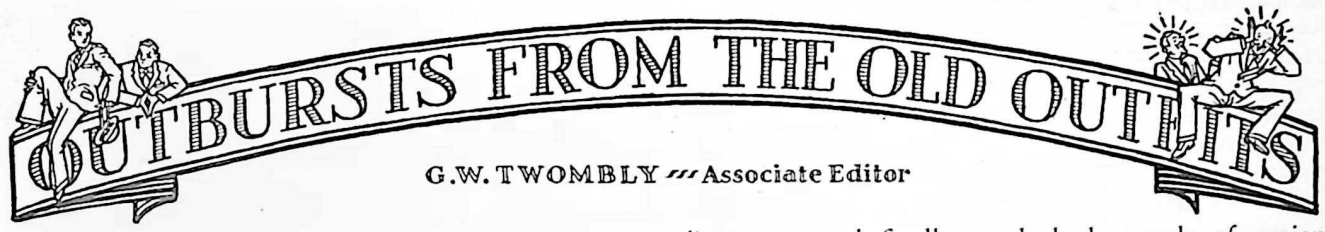
On Friday, October 26, at the Oak Square Bungalow in Brighton, the Post Auxiliary will hold a Harvest Dance. Mrs. Pauline Cresswell is Chairman of the Dance Committee assisted by Mrs. Florence Welsh, Tickets; Mrs. Estella Carter and Mrs. Lucy Lyndell, Decorations; Mrs. Elizabeth Fardie, Favors; Mrs. Marie Murdock, Publicity. All unit officers and members are serving on these committees and tickets may be obtained from any Auxiliary member.

The members of our Post have very kindly offered to co-operate with us in putting over this dance, and tickets may also be obtained from the Post Commander, AL BARNARD (M).

GOOD CROWD, GOOD MUSIC, GOOD TIME. Come and bring your friends.

CASWELL (M): "How did Sgt. York capture 137 prisoners?"

ZUSMANN (M): "He surrounded them."



G.W. TWOMBLY — Associate Editor

FLICKERS FROM THE 104TH

C COMPANY

GEORGE THOMPSON was down from Worcester recently and dropped in at the Club.

BILL PRICE (M) and GORDON BOYD (M) attended the September smoker.

GEORGE KEEFE is still on the cars but does not get around often.

SCHAEFFER, who served a hitch in the Marines after we came home, is now top-kick in the 101st Engineers, M.N.G.

DAN LINNEHAN is with the gas company, and comes in once a month to look at the meter.

—H. G. W. (M)

M. G. COMPANY

Joe Vaughn Inspects the Town

Saturday, September the 8th, while WALLY DAY (M) was helping the Legion to celebrate at Salisbury Beach, and I don't mean maybe, he was nearly floored by the receipt of a telegram saying that JOE VAUGHN (M) would make an inspection of the Company that evening. EDDIE HOLMES (M), who was acting Adjutant, and Wally started for Boston immediately following the parade. They met Joe as he stepped off the train at the Back Bay Station. After they exchanged accolades all around the three musketeers adjourned to a hash house and put on the feed bag. The proprietor must have thought they intended to spend the night they stayed so long but eventually the seance broke up and they went to the YD Club for further reminiscing.

The next morning they started for Quincy where the cavalcade was increased by the addition of BILLY ADAMS, RED WHITE and FRED O'BRIEN. Incidentally they visited DUTCH SCHAEFER, JIMMIE FOY, ALEC MCEACHERN and TOOMY CHILDS. Mess was served at Kimball's at Cohasset and if there is any YD man that has never eaten one of Kimball's lobsters then he has never had a lobster dinner. The troop continued on to Nantasket and Hull where inspections were made of various places, such as Hell's Kitchen and the Bucket of Blood for the purpose of obtaining liquid refreshment as their supply was running low. Returning to the YD Club where P. C. was maintained they found HAP WARD, "NIGGER" NEAL (M), "SLATS" SPOONER (M), "NELLIE" PATCHETT, NICK LACEY, GENE HAMILTON and ADJ. CRANE. Reminiscing was the order of the day and as the evening wore on, Adj. was made first lieutenant and finally reached the grade of major before the meeting was adjourned.

Wally, Eddie Holmes and Adj. Crane started the next morning for Springfield and points west, stopping en route at Worcester for RUSS HARMON and at West Brookfield, "PEANUT" JONES climbed aboard, and believe it or not, Joe certainly learned a lot about the meanderings of privates (innocents) abroad. He said he often wondered where Adj. and Peanut were during the war and now he knows. The reception committee at Springfield consisted of POP FALES, MICKEY FORD, EDDIE YOUNG, TOM SHEA, EARL CHAPMAN, JOHN LOWE, BILL FERRIER, BILLY BOLACK.

Ring-side seats were obtained for the Legion Bouts at West Springfield. Then the entire party went, well the writer doesn't know just where it was, but anyway a good time was had by all—so much so that Joe insisted upon hollering just once.

The next morning, "FRIDAY" RUSHFORD must have thought he was back in the Army again as he came around to the hotel at six bells and insisted upon waking everybody up. With BILLY BOLACK as ballast, the troop descended upon Hartford, arriving just in time to lunch with Major WESTBROOK at the Hartford Club. The Major, by the way, extends a very sincere invitation to all ex-machine gun members to visit him when in Hartford and if you will believe me, he knows how to entertain.

While in Hartford they called on LOUIE CANZANZELLI, who by the way is one of the few ex-soldiers who had the same job in the Army as in civil life, that is horseshoer. We all know that in the Army a horseshoer is probably a tailor in civil life, but Louie was an honest-to-goodness shoer. Louie says that horses are becoming almost extinct and he expects that they will soon be in the same class as the famous dodo bird. He thinks he will have to start another war.

As all good things must end they were obliged to leave Joe to the tender mercies of the Major and we all know that he will receive the very best of care. Anyway a good time was had by all and our only regret is that the committee in charge of arrangements did not know sooner of the arrival of our distinguished guest so they could lay in a larger supply of the cup that cheers and cheers and cheers.

Joe sends his greetings to all members of the old gang and is sorry that he did not see them. He plans to return in a year from now and if he does will give us ample notice of his intention. I might add that "LASSES" FRAWLEY made two round trips from Lowell owing to the fact that the signals became mixed. All you former members of the Company

know that no reunion would be complete unless Frawley was present. Joe would like to hear from any of the boys. His present address is 821 Mesa Avenue, El Paso, Texas. He is in the electric refrigeration game selling General Electric motors. Adj. Crane says that in his Company they use G. E.'s for watch charms.

—E. A. H. (M)

P. S. During the above trip Adj. Crane called his boss while he was in Springfield and the following conversation ensued:

"Hello, this is Crane speaking."

"Where in H— are you?"

"I'm in Springfield."

"What are you doing there?"

"Well, you see, an old lieutenant friend of mine is here visiting and we are on a trip with him."

"When will you be back to work?"

"I don't know. We are going to Connecticut tomorrow."

"Say, where does this bird live?"

"Texas."

"Texas? You don't intend to see him home, do you?"

—E. A. H. (M)

CONGRATULATIONS

Charles S. Gorton (M) (102nd M.G. Bn.) was married on September 3, to Miss Catherine Gertrude Haggerty of Medford, Mass.

The marriage is announced of Charles B. Watson (M) (E Co., 101st Engrs.) to Miss Mildred Evans Emerson on September 22. Mr. and Mrs. Watson will be at home at 237 Mystic Valley Parkway, Winchester, after November 1.

A daughter, weighing six pounds, eleven ounces, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Beckett (M) on September 17. "Beck" was in A Company, 101st Engineers.

Waldon R. Hezlitt (M) (102nd F. H.) was married on September 28 to Miss Mary Louise Robshaw, at St. Andrew's Church in Framingham. John, a brother, and Louise, a niece, were the bests. A huge congregation of friends were present.

A reception was held after the ceremony at the home of the bride in Holliston where entertainment galore took place amid the large host of friends.

About an hour after the reception was at its height the pair were successful in eluding all and making away on their honeymoon trip.

The pair were very pleased with the representation of friends from the YD Club and YD Auxiliary. They will make their home in Cambridge upon their return.

A daughter, Muriel B., weighing six and a half pounds, arrived on Saturday, September 22, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. William Baltin.

This announcement is so late that perhaps congratulations may be out of date, but it isn't Doings fault. The news just came in and here it is. Mr. John J. Maguire (M) (F Co., 101st Inf.) was married on September 20, 1927, to Miss Catherine Rita Burke, in Paris, France.

101st INFANTRY ITEMS

"H-ER COMP."

The first meeting of the season was held at the YD Club on Friday evening, September 28, and a fairly good representation was on hand. Plans were started for our Annual Banquet on Armistice Eve. No definite place was chosen, but it seemed to be the opinion that some new place should be selected this year.

Plans were also discussed for our Annual Memorial Mass at Fall River. From the present outlook, the event this year promises to exceed any of the preceding years and a much larger delegation from the YD Club and the YD Post is assured.

Terry Cunningham was one of those present whom we have not seen for some time.

Jim Powers (M) and Billy Haigh have been on an auto trip through New York State.

In answer to the many queries we have received as to the whereabouts of Jack Shields (M), Jack is still working at the University Club and living on Marlboro Street.

Met the famous William "Dutch" Holland the other day. He is still working down in the leather district and is still the same old "Dutch," in other words "Little Willy."

We have information from Al Morrissey (M) that "Dutch" and "Mike" Isadore Siedler made a perambulating tour of "Easta Bost" some time ago. Nuf sed.

Tommy Barry, who ran for Representative from East Boston was defeated by a small margin. Better luck next time, Tommy.

We understand that Tim Bowes received the Democratic nomination for the House from Dorchester. Let's hope you're successful November 6, Tim.

Harry Cranwell (M), who is on the Fire Department in Brookline, attended the last meeting.

Eddie Reardon and John "Hick" Gleason are still down to Deer Island. Don't forget, they work down there.

We are informed by Andrizano (M) that Fr. Boucher (M) and the people of his parish are looking forward to our 1928 visit.

—E. H. C. (M)

E COMPANY

With the coming of cool weather the E Company, 101st Infantry Veterans Association, has started holding monthly meetings.

The members of the Company spent a most enjoyable day Sunday, September 16, when they were the guests of "Towser" Fay in his palatial steam auxiliary yacht. Tom took the boys down the harbor and cruised about. All the boys remarked how dashing "Towser" looked in his admiral's uniform. A well

cooked meal was enjoyed, prepared by BOB KITTRIDGE, a member of the Company, and a well known authority on mouth sanitation. He has recently been lecturing at Harvard Medical School.

Although the Mayor was unable to attend, the City was represented by JOHN HALL (M), a member of the City government.

"FLOWER" FRASINA, who has just returned from Europe, was among those present. He looked very snappy in the new uniform of his present outfit, the Volunteers of America.

FRED FOLMER made an exhaustive search of the yacht for JACK DALTON, who owes him five francs he loaned him in Villers in 1917.

A letter was read from good old ED LABEE (M), stating that he was very sorry he could not be present as he is still in the hospital where he is having his face lifted.

Entertainment was furnished by members of the Company. BILL FORD did the Charleston, and ABE FENNO, the Blackbottom. Our old skipper, Captain O'BRIEN (M), after much coaxing was prevailed upon to say a few words, which took him about two hours. EDDIE LARKIN recited a poem of his own composition, "Ups and Downs in the Old North Station." "HIP" MANNING made a report on the charter.

A letter was read from the management of the Arlington Hotel, asking us to hold our Annual Banquet at their hostelry. This letter was addressed to Captain BOB MAGEE, well-known Elevated Gatecrasher.

Congratulations were showered on BILL LACEY, the father of twins. Bill married the widow of his old buddy, HERMAN GUCKE. We also had a few remarks from Lieut. GEORGE RICHMOND, now a successful builder. "RED" CASEY, well-known retired builder, is now connected with the White Rose Bread Co. He was always a good mixer, but now he kneads the dough.

TOM GRIFFIN, our ex-cook, addressed the meeting in favor of Hoover, and emphasized his remarks by waving the soup ladle.

P. JAY KELLEY and CICERO are running a beauty parlor on Lenox Street, and would be glad to see some of the boys or their wives.

—R. H. N.

A. P. O. No. 709

JULIAN A. RICHARDSON (M) (E Batt., 103rd F.A.) is now Deputy District Attorney of Los Angeles County, California.

W. F. BUCKLEY (M) (E Co., 104th Inf.) is busy running his gas station at West Village, North Reading.

Dr. H. J. CONNOR (M) (101st Engrs.) and Dr. F. C. GUNTER (M) (102nd F.A.), with their wives, left on September 30 for a two months' trip through England, France, Italy, and Switzerland.

KENNETH W. KRIPPENE (M) (F Co., 101st Supply Tr.) is at present with Charles W. Love, Corporate Financing, at 120 So. La Salle St., Chicago.

GEORGE R. ELLIOTT (M), former President of the Yankee Division Veterans Association and former editor of YANKEE DOINGS, was in Boston during the last week in September and the first week of October. George is now associated with the McLellan Stores in the Middle West. This was his first trip to Boston since Christmas, 1927. His folks live in Auburndale, but complain that they saw but little of him as he had so little time and so many friends in Boston and Worcester to look up before he returned. George was in C Company, 104th Infantry.

LEWIS P. FULTON (M) (B Co., 104th Inf.) of New York, was a recent Club visitor.

Sgt. BOB MILLER (Med. Det., 101st Engrs.) has been appointed physical instructor at Bowdoin College.

102nd INFANTRY

E COMPANY

The Ninth Annual Banquet of E Company, 102nd Infantry, will be held at 7:00 P. M., November 10, 1928, at Odd Fellows Hall, New Britain, Connecticut. Last year's banquet at Seymour (and it sure was a knock-out) brought together 85 men, and this year, on the tenth anniversary of the night before Armistice Day, over 100 of the old company are expected. The food will tempt the most jaded appetite, la biere, vin rouge, et vin blanc a la buvette in the corner. Speeches? yes, a few, but short and good. A guaranteed good time for all.

—R. W. C. (M)

103RD INFANTRY

HARRY CAIL (M. G. Co.) and family are now living in Malden, Mass.

BERNARD C. DUNLAP (M. G. Co. & M. Co.) recently joined the ranks of benedicts. His neighbors gave them a great welcome home when they came back from their honeymoon. Bernard is one of the prosperous chicken farmers of West Salisbury, N. H.

ERNEST C. MELENDY (M. G. Co.) is getting to be quite a motorcycle enthusiast and recently won second place in a big hill-climbing contest in New Hampshire.

We sympathize with "BIG JOHN" DODGE (G Co.) in the loss of his father, who was killed recently in Franklin, N. H., when answering an alarm of fire. The big ladder truck on which he was riding crashed into a tree.

Send all 103rd Infantry notes either direct to the YD Club or to E. K. HALE (M), Lisbon Falls, Maine, c/o Worumbo Mfg. Co.

—E. K. H. (M)

YD Club member visiting from the West: "I knew Hoover and Smith were conducting a windshield campaign, but what are these birds 'Checker' and 'Town' running for?"

ENGINEER ENTRIES

DOINGS OF D

JIMMY SMITH reports that he hasn't seen any of the old crowd for a year except "SLIM" EDWARDS, who woke him up one Sunday morning at five o'clock. The friends who were with Slim kindly entertained Jimmy's neighbors with songs while Slim made his call.

RAY NEWHALL (M) for his vacation took his bus by boat to Yarmouth, N. S., and motored back to Boston. He stopped at Deerfield, Maine, to see JOHNNY MARBLE but was disappointed as Marble has sold out his hotel there and is now connected with the Packard Motor Co. at Portland. At Rumford Falls, Maine, he called on GEORGE MCLEAN, who is running a most successful store, handling papers, magazines, etc.

HAROLD HAYES and HARRY DALZELL ran across each other at a baseball game recently and, besides watching the game, fought the war all over again. Hayes is in the steel business, while Dalzell is selling mill supplies.

—E. F. W. (M)

CAPERS OF C

BILL CONNOLLY (M) is up and around these days and getting along nicely after an operation.

"DOUBLE E" O'BRIEN has been heard from in his abode in Brockton. Eddie is working at the Atherton Furniture Co.

GEORGE MORISON (M) spent a pleasant day with DAN DEVINE, C Co.'s ultra-scientific road builder and barrack grader. George and Dan had their siesta at Cedar Crest, Mystic, Conn., where Dan has his love nest. Dan would also like to have the boys write him at the above address.

We are indeed glad to hear BILL BARBER (M) is up and coming on a new position with the Truscon Steel Co., of which he is steel deck representative. We always knew Bill had the knowledge stored away but his modesty topped him.

NORMAN BRYDEN (M) recently took a second prize for dress in a parade at Middleboro celebrating the new white way.

MUNSEY made his appearance at the club smoker the other night. He is here permanently now and is busy at the Hancock Insurance in Roxbury.

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It looked good to see the old gang again at the first smoker of the season. The following were there: RILEY (M), WART (M), CARTER (M), ZOLLINGER (M), BRYDEN (M), LYNDELL (M), MUNROE (M), PUNG, PRICE (M). Some rep. for the old Co.

SMITH (Highex) (M) is very busy these days swinging his Vivadou crew around N. E. and New York but sometime will be able to show up and let us in on his travels.

LOUIE YENNACO (M) has been busy at White's where he has charge of the pictures and frames department.

PETE MCGARVEY, we hear, has taken the step into benediction line, having been married to a young lady from Canton, Mass., recently. We hope by next issue we will have the full particulars.

—C. W. Z. (M)

FANCIES OF F

Since the last issue appeared, your correspondent has had the pleasure of a second trip "down Maine." The only two F Company men seen this time were RALPH EATON and ALFRED HOWARD.

Ralph was at his home in Brownfield, awaiting the arrival of same prospective cattle buyers. He and his father buy and sell cattle as well as lumber, and according to Ralph are doing pretty well. We were interested onlookers at the unloading of a Ford truck full of calves.

Howard was surprised to see us again so soon. He was hard at it as usual, and sent in an order for one of the YD Radiator Emblems. "Too gosh darned busy to make one up for myself," he said.

On Saturday, September 22, the "Old Fifth Squad" held its Second Annual Reunion at the Arlington Hotel. This squad meets once a year on the nearest Saturday to September 24, the date the regiment left for France. This party was all a party should be, and every man left under his own steam. The hotel people gave them a fine big private dining-room, and the food and service were splendid. Also the wet goods. Those present were CHARLIE DAVIS (M), AL DAY (M), BILL WALKER (M), BOB MILLAR (M), DOUG MACPERSON (M), "GEORGE" BARCLAY (M), DICK JOHNSON (M), and PHIL SANBORN (M). Show us another full squad boasting a 100% membership in the Y.D.V.A.

ELMER CASEY (M) seems to have got the travelling fever when he made the Paris trip with the Legion last year. By the time you are reading this, he will probably be on his way back from San Antonio, where he attended the National Convention of the American Legion.

The first Club smoker brought out the usual quota of F Company men. GEORGE HUNTER (M) was one face we have seen but seldom at these affairs, along with such old standbys as HIGGINS (M), EMERSON (M), BARCLAY (M), MILLAR (M), MACPHERSON (M), ALSEN (M), FREDERICKS (M), REDFIELD (M), CLIFFORD (M), KILMAIN (M), VAN BAEL (M), and KEENAN (M). Undoubtedly there were others whose names have slipped our memory. A good many of the old-timers seemed to be absent. Where

were DAY (M), PEIRCE (M), PURDY (M), CALNAN (M), CONNORS (M)?

It has occurred to us that perhaps there might be a general demand among the men of the Company for a collection of the pictures taken at Wentworth of each of us individually, holding a slate in our lap. The negatives of these photographs are still in existence. A collection might be prepared in any one of several ways. Prints could be struck off and delivered unmounted, or they might be pasted up in an album. If a large number desired the collection, it might be found cheaper, although this is doubtful, to have cuts made, and run them off in book form on the printing press. How many would like these pictures and how would you like to have them? Drop a line to PHIL SANBORN (M), at the YD Club, 200 Huntington Avenue.

SAM HUTCHINS (M) must have had it on his conscience that he didn't receive your correspondent and DARRAGH HIGGINS (M) on their recent trip to Maine, as he recently blew in, all unannounced, at the Club. He was down from Fryeburg for a week, staying with some of his people in Somerville.

None of the boys seem to be committing murder or anything to get themselves talked about. So that's about the whole story for this month.

—P. N. S. (M)

103rd M. G. BATTALION
C COMPANY

The veterans of C Company, 103rd Machine Gun Battalion, held their Annual Outing and Bake at Chopmist Hill Inn, Rhode Island, Sunday, September 9. Governor NORMAN S. CASE of Rhode Island was present and spoke as Chief Executive of the State of Rhode Island and also as former Captain of Company A, 103rd Machine Gun Battalion.

About 200 people were present, including the wives and friends of the veterans, some coming from Vermont, Massachusetts and other New England States. On their arrival at the grounds they partook of a light luncheon and adjourned for the athletic contests.

Comrade WILLIAM A. STANG was commended for the fine program of sports and the way he kept things going, also on his escape without a scratch after picking the contestants for the fat women's race. There was another game called "Spirits," the idea of this being to see who could down the most spirits. JAMES L. MORAN, LANGDON HILL and ARTHUR WHIPPLE were the contestants and Moran was named the winner. He looked it. But Langdon Hill was caught putting a half dollar in the waiter's glass and the boys were inclined to believe that he was the winner instead of Moran. Seated at the head table during the serving of the bake at 4:00 P. M., besides Governor Case, were ARTHUR E. H. DARCY, Commander of the veterans of Company C, who introduced the Governor, Major CHARLES W. SPRATT, Major EARLE W. CHANDLER, and Captain HOWARD C. ARNOLD, the last being in command of Company C on its return from France, and at present Chief

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Deputy United States Marshal. Maj. Gen. CLARENCE R. EDWARDS (LM), who had been invited, was unable to attend because of other engagements.

101st MILITARY POLICE

The Annual Get-Together of the Train Headquarters and Military Police will be held on Saturday, November 3. Members will receive due notice as to where to meet and other information.

If there are any former members of either of these organizations who feel that they are not on the mailing list, it is requested that they communicate with either WALTER L. TABER (M), telephone Liberty 1173, or with the Secretary, CARL I. CHEEVER, Lynnfield Centre, Mass., telephone 62-3.

102ND M.G. BATTALION

A COMPANY

St. Johnsbury, Vt.,—Sept. 21, 22, 23,—makes another page in A Company reunion history. If we reported this back in 1918 we'd have told the happenings as follows:

Over the top, for some, began near Boston, Nashua Country Club, or Bertrand's Hotel, St. Johnsbury. During the advance of 192 miles to the objective, one group of raiders stopped their tank twenty-seven times on account of seasickness and latrinitis. One soldier, too thirsty to drink out of shell-holes, insisted on a watering trough. Gangrene has not yet set in.

Being from Massachusetts this squad grew hoarse from singing "I'm from Ioway" in preparation for taking over the objective. As liquid rations were issued and used by the pint, fraternization with Vermont troops and troops from other Massachusetts sectors signalized much celebration on arrival. A few soberites served as M. P.'s and assisted the halt and the lame; the stiffs were buried in the folding beds.

As usual the kitchen was located as far away as possible, but due to the great victory, mess was served at all hours—yet some didn't eat. Canned tomatoes was one casualty's diet after all else failed. Aces were tamed by wild deuces, but none cleaned up carfare. The only rattling bones were loose-jointed gunners coming to life after a tough battle.

The population welcomed us for freeing them from their bondage but not 'til they recognized our French, such as, "Have you any Cognac?" The storekeepers welcomed us with signs (in their dugout windows) and gave us foreign money (not Chamber of Commerce) good only in St. Johnsbury or Canada. Prices did not go up; they knew our francs were being spent for eau-de-vie, etc., at the French canteen.

The Red Cross and Y.M.C.A. were displaced by the Women's Auxiliary, American Legion, who served over fifty of us with a real feed. Senator McGrath told us of "When prohibition goes into effect, etc."

The Salvation Army did not appear for they heard there were few souls to save—and doughnuts didn't interest us.

As the enemy might attempt reoccupation of the town, the Engineers (telephone, electric-light and gas) dug trenches and repaired the main roads which were in terrible condition—worse than in Ravine de France near Mouilly during the St. Mihiel Drive. We watched.

A visit in the afternoon in Staff Sergeants' cars was made to the scene of battle (with the floods) of the previous November, and to an immense ravine (Fifteen Mile Falls) where thousands of men are preparing a huge engineering feat (hydro-electric).

In the evening (Saturday) a fife and drum corps in dress uniform (white for purity, they claimed) escorted us double time up a grade equal to Brest to the upper town where we went into a chateau nestled in a grove. The banquet was quite orderly. A Mess Sergeant again spoke. At Brechaincourt he was relieved of the hash insignia on his sergeant's stripes for that famous speech—again squelched. Without formation, the men straggled back to quarters. If taps blew, few obeyed.

On Sunday morning, we were relieved and proceeded by various means to our places of enlistment. The casualties were surprisingly few for such a fierce battle. To avoid embarrassment, compile your own casualty list from A men present:—ANDREWS, F. B., BENTLEY (M), COVEY (M), CROCKETT, EASTMAN, FISHER (M), FREEMAN (M), GEORGE, HAVLIN (M), MOORE, H. E., REED, C., RODD (M), STROUT (M), from Massachusetts, and CERASOLI, DOOLAN, GLEASON, LOSO, PIERCE, K. C., RUSSELL from Vermont.

—A. C. H. (M)

101st FIELD ARTILLERY
D BATTERY

D Battery, 101st F. A. Veterans Association, held their Second Annual Outing at the old Second Corps of Cadets camp grounds at Boxford, Mass., on Saturday, September 8. A big crowd was on hand as usual to take part in the events that were held.

A hard-fought baseball game was won by both sides, and being an artillery outfit, the horseshoe game was not forgotten, nor any of the other events that go to make up a field day. But the biggest run was held at six o'clock when mess call was sounded by our friend, the cook. It was hard to pick the winner as all the gang had the same winning spirit as in '18. A wonderful feed was laid out by Comrade HENRY BRIGGS, consisting of lobster, clam chowder, green corn, etc., and completed by refreshments by Comrade C. C. CORRADO.

Before anyone could go A.W.O.L., a meeting was called by President LAWRENCE K. MANSFIELD to elect new officers. Thanks for the success of the meeting are due to President LAWRENCE K. MANSFIELD, Secretary CLAUDE HOAG, Treasurer LAYTON STEARNS, HENRY BRIGGS, and LUCIEN PELLETIER.

A. P. LEB. (M)

TAPS

NILS T. OLSON, formerly of L Company, 104th Infantry, was killed in an auto accident on September 24. Funeral services were held at the Mt. Vernon Church, Mass. Avenue and Beacon Street, Boston, on September 25. At last accounts the hit-and-run driver who struck Olson has not been caught. The deceased was survived by an aged mother who is ill.

JOHN T. TOOHILL, formerly of Machine Gun Company, 101st Infantry, died in Brookline, and was buried on August 30.

DANIEL J. MCCARTHY, formerly of Headquarters 101st Field Artillery, died at the U. S. Veterans Hospital in Bedford on September 6. The funeral was held at 9.00 A.M., Saturday, September 8, at St. Margaret's Church, Cliftondale, Mass.

CARL SUNDIN, formerly of D Battery, 102nd Field Artillery, was buried in New Bedford, Mass., on Sunday, August 19. Seventy-four out of a possible ninety men from his old outfit attended, furnishing drivers for the caisson furnished by the National Guard as well as eight pall bearers.

EDGAR A. BOWERS, formerly of A Battery, 101st Field Artillery, died on September 1, at the Framingham (Mass.) Hospital, following an operation for acute appendicitis. At the time of his death Mr. Bowers was deputy secretary of state and chairman of the Board of Selectmen of Framingham. He was a former member of the YD Club of Boston.

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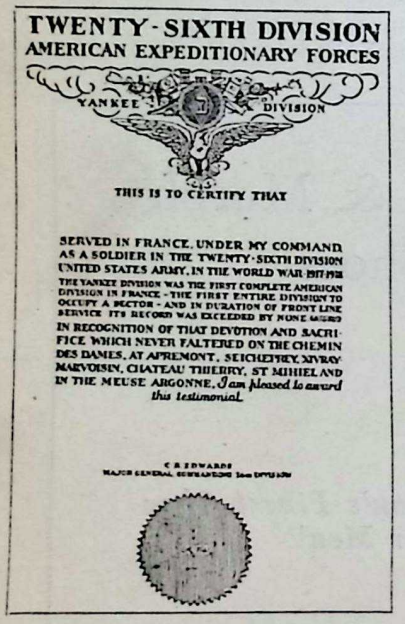
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